NATIONAL REVIEW

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July 4, 1959

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Murder at Notting Hill

COLM BROGAN

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L. BRENT BOZELL

July 4 Ode in Newspeak

MORRIE RYSKIND

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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For the Record

Recurring reflection on the 49 senators who voted against confirmation of Admiral Strauss as Secretary of Commerce: Would they have confirmed J. Robert Oppenheimer by the same vote? . . . William Knowland was tagged "the Senator from Formosa" by the Communist press in this country. California's new Senator Clair Engle now is referred to in some echelons of the State Department as the "Senator from Peiping." . . . Senator Byrd, on the Manion Forum of the Air, reported that our annual deficit this year (federal, state and local) will run between $15 and $20 billion.

Roy Cohn will file suit on return from the Orient against Harcourt Brace and Richard Rovere for defamations appearing in the book, Senator Joe McCarthy. His lawyer will be ex-pro-Communist O. John Rogge. . . . Albert E. Kahn, one-time partner of Angus Cameron in the pro-Communist publishing firm of Cameron and Kahn, labeled by Eastland committee as one of the leading Communists in America. Cameron was recently appointed editor of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. . . . The Worker carrying laudatory review of Song of Peace, a book of poems by Walter Lowenfels, with foreword by Dr. Linus Pauling.

A recurrent theme in the British press: President Eisenhower is an old, sick man who can no longer grasp a logical argument. The first stories to this effect followed Macmillan's visit to Washington and his failure to "sell" the President on a soft line at Geneva. . . . Nehru stepping up pressure on the Dalai Lama to get moving, preferably back to Tibet. More likely refuge, Formosa.

The Indonesian delegation to the UN is "inviting" two dozen UN-accredited press correspondents to tour Red China between now and September—all expenses paid. But the invitation may be withdrawn. Floods and famine conditions in China are bad, and the Reds not sure they want visitors. . . . Red China reported building a series of airstrips in Tibet along Nepalese border. . . . Latest Ghanese ukase: fifteen years in jail for anyone making "false statements" about Ghana or the government.

A congressional committee has stumbled upon a report that the wife of a famous Washington columnist worked for CIA for several months, departing under strange circumstances.

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The WEEK

● French Foreign Minister Couve de Murville's reputed definition of an able diplomat: He must be able to forewarn his government, well in advance, about what is going to happen—and to explain, after the event, why something else happened instead.

● The American Civil Liberties Union, reversing a long-time stand, has come out for congressional enactment of legislation to insure internal democracy in labor unions. "The majority," so its statement reads, "must not be allowed to trample upon or discriminate against minority groups within a union." To this, we feel like answering back: "Yes, yes, go on. To the point, say, of declaring that minorities who don't want to belong to unions in the first place have some right to protection against discrimination?"

● Senator Jacob Javits, ever alert to threats to the security of American Communist sympathizers, is not quite so alert to the abuse-potential of a law aimed primarily at disciplining the South. S.125, a new bill introduced by the New York Senator, seeks to prohibit the use of the U.S. mails to solicit funds "for the purpose of interfering with the execution of any Federal statute or with the decree, order, judgment or mandate of any Federal court. . . " We wonder how the vagueness of such legislation would cope with the author of a letter suggesting a test of the constitutionality of a particular statute; or with a committee (asking for donations) dedicated to appealing a particular judicial decision; or with a campaign to contest the efficacy of a "judgment" of some court on a significant sociological issue. We advise the American Civil Liberties Union to stand by, to dust off its available attorneys, and once more prepare to move into the breach—even though the enemy is unfamiliar.

● The New York hospital strike has ended—and even the most exultant union member could only describe the results as a "partial victory." The union did not get itself recognized; Mayor Wagner's arbitration commission handed down a simple recommendation that the hospitals sign a policy statement —not legally binding—providing vaguely for grievance machinery and wage reviews. A permanent administrative committee will be set up to review the workers' plight—with members appointed by the hospital association. But, we reiterate, no mention of the union—as witness Union President Leon J. Davis' blunt and brutal appraisal of future prospects. The agreement, he warns, provides for only "back-door recognition, [but] we'll be in the front door before long."

● It is solemnly announced by the office of the U.S. Attorney that the Reverend Adam Clayton Powell Jr. will go to trial on October 5 (1959)—the question having allegedly arisen in Mr. Powell's mind, several years ago, whether he too should pay taxes on his earnings, or whether, as God's instrument of racial reconciliation, he is, *ex officio*, exempt. We have reported trial dates before, but as one by one they come up, always they have been postponed. Mr. Powell has shown an infinite capacity for infinitely elongating the interval between the time when a felony was allegedly committed, and the time when a jury of his peers (perhaps the delay is due to the arduousness of the search?) is supposed to decide whether or not he committed the felony. We do not believe in precipitate justice, and, notwithstanding the indications of malfeasance by the government during the grand jury investigation, we have not been pawing the ground impatiently during the last fourteen months, as trial date after trial date has been set aside. But we say it now, gentlemen of the Justice Department: if Mr. Powell does not go to trial on October 5, NATIONAL REVIEW is going to raise some hell.

● What *are* Adenauer's objections to Erhard as his successor in the Chancellorship? A NATIONAL REVIEW correspondent recently put that question to the editor of a newspaper that he describes as "close to the Adenauer government," and got in effect this answer: Adenauer regards Erhard as naive about foreign policy, as lacking in tactical sense about party infighting, as uncourageous about principle when the going gets rough, as too pro-British and too anti-French, as insufficiently committed to European integration, as too pleased with himself, and as too much a stranger to hard work. Which would seem to add up to quite a list of objections.

● Report from a congressional committee: U.S. foreign aid in Laos is specifically responsible for 1) a spiralling inflation which has doubled the cost of living in five years; 2) an army twice the size recommended by military experts; 3) the corruption of U.S. officials by Laos contractors eager to get lucrative contracts.

● One of the original arguments for extensive foreign aid was that a war-devastated world needed temporary, or interim, funds to keep it going until the natural forces of free enterprise recovery had

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taken hold. Well, the time of recovery has now come, if figures recently released by the Department of Commerce mean anything. According to the latest Department report, direct investment abroad by American companies has jumped from $11 billion in 1950 to $25 billion in 1957. Income received by U.S. companies abroad totalled $2.3 billion in 1957 as compared to $1.2 billion in 1950. These figures do not include undistributed earnings that have been plowed back into foreign expansion. Moreover, most U.S. direct investments abroad have taken place in countries now enjoying prosperity or even booms for all local industry, no matter by whom owned. Maybe the time has come for us to begin getting instead of giving foreign aid.

● Confidential sources in Madrid report that Ernesto (Che) Guevara, one of Fidel Castro's bloodthirstier colleagues, entered Spain for a day in mid-June. His presumed mission was in connection with the anti-Franco underground operations much talked about by Caribbean revolutionists. Alberto Bayo, chief trainer of the Castro guerrillas, is also said to be active in the Spanish campaign. Two of Castro's bearded officers, who had arrived openly as sightseers, recently stopped traffic on a Madrid street, where they were stared at as if visitors from Mars. Spanish officials do not seem worried by the Terror of the Caribbean.

● To urge patience on the French has, historically, been a futile proposition. But that is, in effect, what General de Gaulle has done and, by and large, successfully: both patience over the Algerian situation (which gets no worse, but certainly gets no better), and patience with the austerity program initiated last winter. The first big test, the threatened railway, bus and subway strike, was successfully survived: it was called off at the eleventh hour after Premier Debre warned he would draft the railway workers if they went out. A wage breakthrough at this moment would have shattered the fragile economic defenses de Gaulle has sought to erect by devaluating the franc. It is probably that consideration, rather than the government's threats, that kept the strike from developing. Whether it will prevent a strike *next* time, remains to be seen; this one came near enough to happening to put the government on warning: even under the Fifth Republic, a Frenchman's patience about unsolved problems is not unlimited.

● Fidel Castro has himself now mentioned the name of Ernesto de la Fé, premier anti-Communist victim of Castro's reign of terror, sentenced two weeks ago to fifteen years in prison. Lumping de la Fé together with several other residents of La Cabaña, Castro said, "For the magnitude of their crimes, they ought to have been shot." Does Castro mean that he is being unfaithful to the demands of revolutionary justice?

● As President Sukarno jaunts about the world, feeding what seems to be a voracious appetite for the acclaim of his fellow rulers, Indonesia reaps one after another blighted row in the bitter harvest of demagogic, corrupt and Communist-appeasing government. The rupiah sinks daily to new lows. Lives and energies are squandered in vain efforts to wipe out the freedom-seeking rebellion on the outer islands. Industry, shipping and banking, fostered by the Dutch, fall into decay. On Java, an island that for centuries provided its easy-going tens of millions of handsome brown inhabitants with enough to eat, starvation spreads as even the bare minimum of rice disappears. Meanwhile the pseudo-democratic regime reaches a dead end, refusing to turn all power over to Sukarno and his Communist allies, but unable to take power away from him. The army, under General Nasution—itself shot through with Communism—threatens to take control but seems to lack the will and the program for resolute action.

● The same newspapers and professional letterhead habitués who raise their plaintive cries against capital punishment everywhere, any time, were last week demanding the death sentence for the four Florida youths convicted of raping a Negro coed. A Florida court gave the four youths a fair and speedy trial, found them guilty, and sentenced them to life imprisonment. That seems to us to meet the requirement of justice—the more so since a Negro convicted of the same offense has just received the same punishment. Instead, the bloodthirsty cry goes up, and the familiar legion is swinging the noose like a lasso, screaming "Justice." We congratulate Florida on a courageous verdict.

● Lorraine Hansberry, young Negro playwright of Broadway's standing-room-only *A Raisin in the Sun*, whose story concerns the trials and triumphs of a Negro family in Chicago's South Side slums, accepted Liberal plaudits, an award from the New York Drama Critics and the official condemnation of the City of Chicago. The award was for her dramatization of life in Chicago's sordid South Side slums. The condemnation: a court order to correct several score building code violations (rats, falling plaster, bad wiring) by Lorraine and her family in Negro-occupied tenements they own—on Chicago's South Side. (The playwright herself resides in New York's Greenwich Village.)

● Madame Sun Yat-sen, first lady of Communist China, shed a compassionate tear the other day for

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children in capitalist countries who "live a miserable life under the satanic grip of imperialism"—in contrast to the happy little children of Red China, 47 million of whom, Radio Peiping announces, have been freed from the trammels of home and are being cared for and educated in state nurseries and schools free of charge.

Doldrums

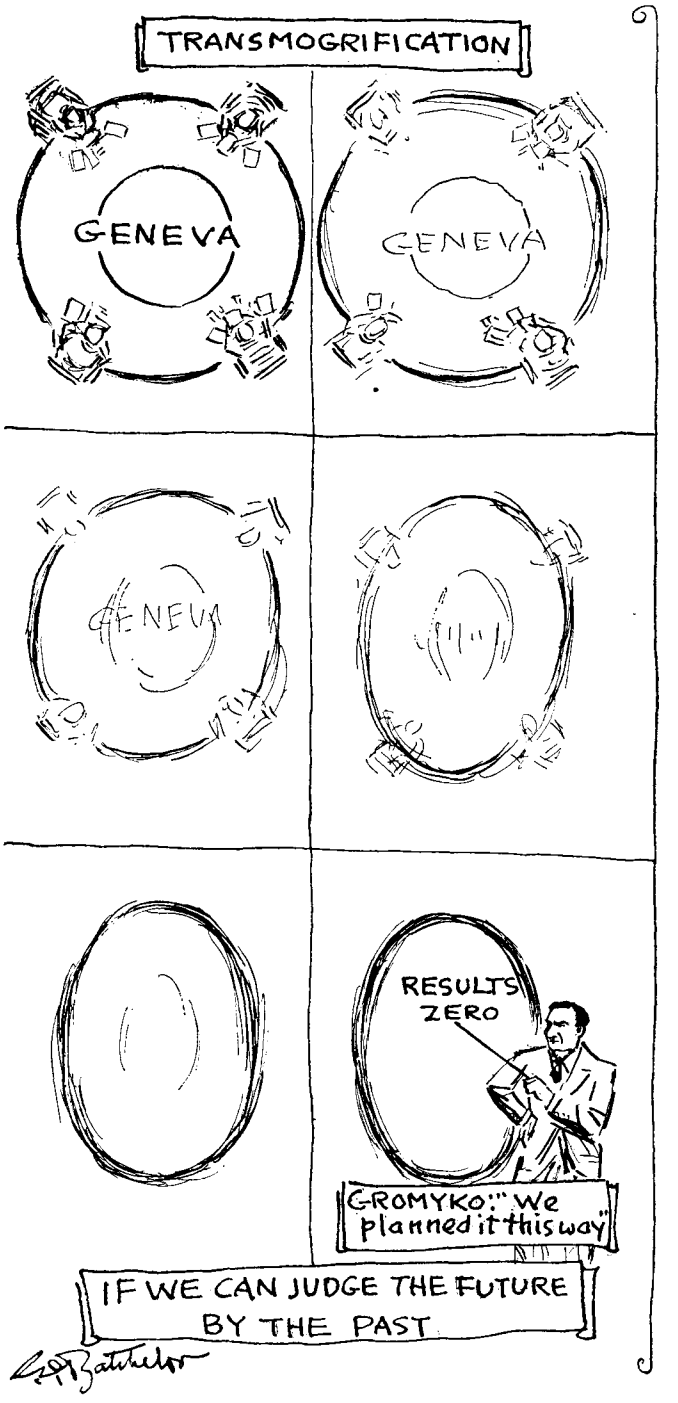
The other night we asked a friend of ours, a specialist in international affairs as both government official and businessman, what he thought about the Geneva negotiations. "To tell the truth," he replied, "I got so bored after the first two weeks that I haven't read a word about them since then." We know just how he feels.

Because of the pressures of our allies and of our own illusions, the suspended Geneva talks may have been unavoidable, but they were bound to be useless. The decisions, if any are to come, will not be made at the conference tables. We do not share the altogether black evaluation made elsewhere in this issue (see "The Open Question") by our colleague, Mr. Frank Meyer. The negotiations have not so far brought a surrender, by either side, but they have been wholly sterile, from which quality springs the stultifying sense of boredom remarked by our friend.

Neither side has yielded anything essential on the issues directly posed—the status of Berlin and the reunification of Germany—or shown any real indication of doing so. True, we made the sort of morally weakening concession to which the West is prone when we agreed to sit, diplomatically, in the same room as the East Germans—even if at a differently shaped table. Our final Berlin proposals may have gone too far in accepting restrictions on our freedom of action in that island city, though that is subordinate to the basic assertion of our right and intention of remaining there until a German settlement is reached. But after all, the major concession was made by Khrushchev who had to abandon his May 27 ultimatum.

Christian Herter carried through his dreary first assignment with competence, if without giving much sense of distinction or personal power. There is no reason to believe he behaved otherwise than John Foster Dulles would have wished. The fact is, by all evidence, that ever since Khrushchev's November challenge the President has himself been in command of the main line of our foreign policy.

Mr. Herter's report to the nation was clear, straightforward and uninspiring. It explained what the policies of the two sides have been at Geneva, and why, granted these policies, the conference reached the dead end that brought suspension. As a way out of the dead end, it offered no lead whatever, beyond a concluding platitude about "the path to a just peace."



If Mr. Herter's report means what it says, a resumption of the conference can only repeat the same sterile, boring and inconclusive rounds. This is the most likely prospect.

There are two ways out. One, which Mr. Meyer fears we shall take, is by capitulating to the substance of Khrushchev's demands. The other would be by raising our political stance out of the rut we have accepted at Geneva. That would mean: a) refusing to discuss the Berlin issue any further in abstracted

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context; to relate Berlin continuously to the whole problem of the freedom of all eastern Europe; b) to prove—to ourselves as well as to our allies and the Russians—that we are serious about the defense of Berlin, by beginning at once and very publicly the military and psychological preparations that its physical defense would require.

Free Elections in Berlin

West Berlin has been designated as the site for the electoral college meeting on July 1 to choose the new West German President. Meanwhile, the East Germans, obviously prodded by the Russians, have threatened to blockade West Berlin during the hours of the electoral convocation.

Far from trembling in our boots at the threat, we hope the Reds will invoke a blockade. Nothing could be better calculated to advertise to East Germans that the West Germans are meeting to choose as between *three* candidates, Dr. Heinrich Luebke of the Christian Democrats, Professor Carlo Schmidt of the Social Democrats, and Dr. Max Becker of the Free Democrats, in a non-totalitarian election that is far from a sure thing. Nothing could be better calculated to make the Christian Democrats forget the bitterness of the rift between *Der Alte* Adenauer and his Minister of Economics, Dr. Erhard. And, in the event that Carlo Schmidt, the Social Democrat, should win the election, the very fact that it took place under the guns of the Reds would be a signal warning to West German Socialists that open elections and subservience to Communist dictation are incompatible elements.

The imaginative boldness of the Bonn government in choosing West Berlin for the election delights us. If the Reds back down on their blockade threats it will expose the *papier mâché* quality of the Soviet monster. On the other hand, if the Communists do go through with the blockade the West can hardly fail to take measures to counter it. Democracy could hardly submit to mortal insult in the very act of exercising its most cherished prerogative, the free election of a president.

Pride and Lewis Strauss

The reasons why Lewis Strauss didn't get confirmed, we are being told, are twofold: a) Strauss' friends, including the White House staff, put too much pressure on the Senate, thus antagonizing many potential Strauss-supporters; and b) Admiral Strauss alienated a majority of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations by showing an obsessive concern for self-justification.

As to the first, we should like to believe that our Congressmen react so decisively against political subornation. The evidence, unfortunately, suggests the contrary. The same Senate that allegedly rose to resist pressures in behalf of a routine confirmation of a distinguished public statesman, day in, day out yields supinely to arrant pressuring from farmers and labor union leaders and others in behalf of special interests, wrested at the expense of the community. Those who voted against Strauss were not affirming the integrity of the Senate: it was a matter of petulance, not principle.

It may be that the second consideration did hurt Lewis Strauss. For Strauss to have shown such fussiness about the record of his stewardship of the Atomic Energy Commision was probably unwise. But he was, clearly, not motivated by pride. Lewis Strauss is palpably an uncynical man, and that is why, even to the point of risking his confirmation, he had to fight each and every charge against him. The cynic does not trouble about the slanders carried about him in the archives—he is too busy effecting the next political maneuver.

As for ourselves, we can only admire Lewis Strauss' dogged, systematic insistence on giving his side of the case. He is not a politician, and has not compromised, and saw no reason now to compromise his reputation to satisfy inquisitors lusting for an auto da fé. We suspect the Senators were prompted by the realization that their own careers could never stand up to any such inquiry.

The residue? 1) A political issue, Democrat vs. Republican, may have been joined. 2) The right of the Senate to withhold approval of a Presidential nominee has been abused. 3) The nation has lost the services of the Administration's premier anti-Communist.

As Denver Goes, So Goes Chicago?

At the 1951 convention of the Young Republican National Federation, which was held in Boston, an Eisenhower supporter nosed out a Taft supporter for chairman of the 200,000-member Federation by a vote of 246 to 215—providing, as it turned out, an amazingly accurate preview of the 1952 Republican National Convention in Chicago.

The pro's therefore had good reason to watch the 1959 convention of the Young Republicans in Denver last week for a clue to the balance of forces at next year's senior convention. For four days, several hundred Young Republican delegates from fifty states—some of them nearing forty and already figures of

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consequence at home—milled and politicked around the Mile-High City. New York's huge delegation, carefully selected and lavishly financed by backers of Governor Nelson Rockefeller, let it be known that Ned Cushing of Kansas, a 35-year-old conservative and candidate for chairman who scarcely bothered to conceal his pro-Nixon sentiments, was "entirely unacceptable" to New York, to Rockefeller and to Liberalism.

But the rest of America's Young Republicans either didn't hear or didn't care, for in a stunning blow to the New York governor they elected Ned Cushing as their new chairman, 382 to 213. And then, to underline their point, they adopted a platform which, to quote the *New York Times,* "took a conservative view": against federal aid to education; against judicial usurpation of legislative prerogatives; in favor of anti-trust action to break up Big Labor; in favor of reducing taxation and the national debt; against U.S. recognition or UN admission of "the pirate governments" of Red China and East Germany; and—by special resolution—against "the un-Republican and unstatesmanlike action" of maverick Republican Senators Margaret Chase Smith and William Langer in opposing confirmation of Commerce Secretary Strauss.

A smiling eye-witness to Nelson Rockefeller's humiliation: Vice President Richard Nixon, whom the delegates welcomed with a thunderous ovation. One newspaperman remarked, watching the tide roll over New York: "If Rockefeller can't put in the field in 1960 a better team than that, he's through."

The British and the Bomb

In this country the "anti-bomb movement"—focused in Norman Cousins' ironically named Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy—has been largely a fringe operation, attracting the standard crowd of left-Liberal ideologues, guilt-ridden scientists, professional pacifists and fellow travelers, with the Communists, of course, doing their best, and mostly succeeding, in pulling the levers behind-the-scenes. In Britain the movement is on a more formidable level. There, anti-bomb propaganda calls on the government to stop all nuclear tests—at once and forever—without waiting for negotiated agreement. It demands, further, dismantling of missile bases, a unilateral British renunciation of the use of nuclear weapons and destruction of the British nuclear weapon stockpile. And anti-bomb campaign methods include not merely advertisements, pamphlets and lectures, but mass marches, outdoor demonstrations, and riots at missile-sites.

On such a platform and by such methods the campaign has grown in scope and influence. In particular, it has made headway among the members of the British Labor Party "constituency branches" that are the junior partners of the great trade unions in the Party's federated structure. Great pressure is thus put on Labor Party leaders, especially the intellectuals among them.

Asked on TV last month whether his own position on nuclear tests meant to "stop" or "suspend" them, Aneurin Bevan—who will be foreign minister if Labor wins the forthcoming election—replied: "I think this is a distinction without a difference. We shall stop, *and I cannot conceive of any circumstances in which we would want to renew them.*" This, together with liquidation of the British bases for U.S. missiles, is official Labor Party policy.

The unofficial Conservative Political Center has just hit back with an able pamphlet, *The Missile Years,* attacking the anti-bomb propaganda and defending the "nuclear deterrent" policy. But Mr. Macmillan, inevitably, feels the anti-bomb pressures and, like all modern democratic politicians, to some extent adapts to them. From his adaptation derives in its turn the continuing British pressure on the West to yield one point after another at the Geneva test-ban negotiations. And through Mr. Macmillan the pressures reach the White House, developing into a significant factor in preventing Mr. Eisenhower from giving the only order that makes sense from the standpoint of American security: to break off all discussion of a general test-ban, and to offer a self-policing end to atmospheric and underwater tests on a take-it-or-leave-it basis.

The origin and goal of the anti-bomb campaign trace back to the Communist world enterprise. We may see in this campaign, now in midcourse, an instructive example of what Communists mean by "speaking to the masses over the heads of their leaders." This, and not chatter around green tables at Geneva, is the Communist idea of "negotiation."

The Treasury vs. the Self-Employed

The House of Representatives has passed and the Senate Finance Committee is now considering a bipartisan measure (H.10) introduced by Richard M. Simpson (Rep., Pa.) and Eugene J. Keogh (Dem., N. Y.), enactment of which would correct a long-standing inequity in our tax system. Under present laws, payments made under employee-benefit pension plans, which are now widespread throughout business and industry, are generally exempt from taxation until they come into operation during the

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retirement years, when earned income has declined or ended. Thus the tax is spread out, the average rate lowered, and regular saving made feasible, often automatic, in the active earning period.

The ten million self-employed enjoy no such privilege (or right); and must, moreover, make their full social security payments themselves instead of having half paid by an employer.

It is this manifest discrimination, which has long been recognized, that the Keogh-Simpson bill would reduce. Under its provisions a self-employed person would be permitted to put 10 per cent of his income, up to a maximum of $2,500 each year and $50,000 in all, into an approved pension or retirement fund, with the income tax deferred until he begins drawing funds from it. This is surely no more than just. At the same time it is economically sound in its encouragement to individual saving, and socially desirable in its strengthening of the doctors, lawyers, architects, writers, artisans, accountants, small farmers, independent engineers and technicians and other self-employed upon whom the health of a republican polity closely depends.

The Treasury, while granting all of these compelling arguments, opposes H.10 on the sole ground that it needs the money that would be lost. This is a mere highwayman's excuse. If H.10 would injure the budget, let the Treasury propose a new or increased tax that is both equitable and sound—or better still, a few cuts in expenses. Or does the Treasury figure cynically that the ten million self-employed, since they have no Hoffas or Reuthers to organize them into political power machines, don't count for much anyway?

The Fantasy of Richard Rovere

1. " . . . *the case is full of import*"

In March of 1956, NATIONAL REVIEW observed that not one prominent Liberal publicist had made a single reference to the remarkable trial of Paul Hughes, completed a month before. Hughes was a swindler who in 1954 had worked his way with alarming ease into the confidence of some of the most prominent Liberals in America, and ended up with twelve thousand dollars collected from Joseph L. Rauh Jr., then chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, Clayton Fritchey, editor of the *Democratic Digest,* Alfred Friendly and Philip Graham, top officials of the *Washington Post,* and others. How did he earn the money? By pretending to be a secret member of Senator McCarthy's staff, and keeping his Liberal clients hopped up on an endless diet of the Senator's fabricated iniquities. When Hughes was finally tripped up, the Liberals he had beguiled kept silent—knowing that to expose *their* "secret informer," Paul Hughes, was to expose their own hypocrisy and hysteria.

But the irrepressible Hughes then tried to con the FBI, and the story broke—resulting in one of the most fascinating trials in modern American history.

That was the trial to which no allusion was made, even by men with an obsessive interest in the life and times of Senator McCarthy. Shortly after taunting the Liberals with the inexplicable fact of their silence, NATIONAL REVIEW received a letter from one of the Liberal pessimists whose silence we had remarked.

"Am I," he asked us, "really under any moral compulsion to write and write fast on the Hughes case? I agree with you that the Hughes case is full of import, but scarcely more so than a half-dozen other things I am interested in dealing with. I happen recently to have signed a contract to do a fairly general book on American politics and policy in this period, and I expect to finish it well before the decade is out, probably about this time next year. I know that I shall deal with the Hughes case in it; whether I shall do so in an article before then I simply don't know."

The "general book" on American politics never materialized, but our correspondent, Mr. Richard Rovere, did write a book—on Senator Joe McCarthy. A book (see below) described last week by Walter Lippmann as definitive: "I can't imagine what else there is to say."

The book contains not a single reference to Paul Hughes.

2. *Quite Literally Hopeless*

Elsewhere in this issue, Mr. Brent Bozell registers a dissenting opinion on the merits of Richard Rovere's biography, *Senator Joe McCarthy,* and though it is not possible to cut down a forest of misstatements, misrepresentations and fabrications with a few dozen strokes, he has made it clear that Mr. Rovere's book is probably the winning entry for irresponsibility in the current book season.

That is not so very surprising. For years Mr. Rovere has proved himself incapable of exercising a balanced judgment when the subject of Senator McCarthy comes up, and in this respect he is in distinguished company. Reviewing last year, in these pages, the article in *Esquire* which was the basis of the current book, we observed that "It is a hopeless task, quite literally hopeless, to bring the professional critics of Joe McCarthy to examine the facts on which they hang their brutal indictments. A Certified Accountant of the Public Record, if there were such a thing, would have sent Rovere's article back to the publisher as unfit to appear side by side with history." More and more it is confirmed that Liberal

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intellectuals were permanently cretinized by the McCarthy experience, and are incapable of historical fidelity to the facts, let alone soundness of judgment. We are interested, at NATIONAL REVIEW, in doing justice to Senator McCarthy—in admitting his faults, but also in proclaiming his insights. However, the rehabilitation that is his due is less urgently needed —we are prepared to concede—than coping with the paralysis of the critical faculties of so many of our leading scholars and publicists.

Mr. Walter Lippmann writes of Mr. Rovere's book, "The definitive job, and I can't imagine what else there is to say about him." What has happened to Mr. Lippmann's imagination? He is much advertised as, and occasionally shows himself to be, a profound man. Is he seriously suggesting that Mr. Rovere's patchwork of prurient snippets penetrates the McCarthy phenomenon? Professor Eric Goldman of Princeton lauds the book lavishly. "Mr. Rovere," he says, "develops his political thesis in a volume that is surely one of the distinguished political documents of the year"—does he mean, by describing it as a "political" book, to deny its pretensions to history? Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr., a historian, unabashedly dubs the book "a brilliant essay in contemporary history . . . a memorable book."

If *Senator Joe McCarthy* is history, then so is Gerald L. K. Smith on Zionism, and Paul Robeson will give you the last word on Negro-white relations in America. Mr. Rovere is an alluring writer, entertaining, witty, fluid. But he has put his talent to work in the service of a mania with which he is much possessed. If, two generations ago, in another connection, the intellectual class had shown as little discernment as now it shows on the subject of McCarthy, Dreyfus would have died on Devil's Island.

An Odd Odyssey

For those bourbon-drinkers in Washington's National Press Club who, in introspective mood, probe with a swizzle-stick the state of their profession, a couple of handy symptoms for diagnosis:

First, the surrealistic reporting for North American Newspaper Alliance by ex-Governor Harriman, currently touring Russia and parts East (with a passport into Communist China approved by the U.S. State Department and—spitefully—rejected by the Communist Chinese). He inspected one "labor camp" thirty miles from Moscow, observed that the prisoners are all healthy, tanned, and playing basketball, and decided to accept Premier Khrushchev's assertion that slave labor camps have been abolished in all Russia. He returned to Yalta, reminisced on that "much-misunderstood treaty," and warmed to the welcome of young Soviet Pioneers ("the Soviet boy and girl scouts"). Governor Harriman told them he hopes for a Summit conference, and applauded the Pioneer devotion to song, the Soviet Union, "peace, their summer camp, and soccer."

At the other end of the journalistic telescope was Louis Wiznitzer, correspondent for Rio de Janeiro's *Diario de Noticias*, reporting in the June 15 issue of *U.S. News & World Report*. He found Chinese industrialization to be a myth. The factories are without assembly-lines, the soldiers without guns, the steel furnaces are junk, technicians and engineers are scarce, and the nation itself is at least thirty years away from any sort of industrial power.

Wiznitzer spent two months in mainland China, and traveled not only through every major city, but over thousands of rural miles. Governor Harriman contented himself with Moscow's model prison and Yalta's palace-sanatorium. Wiznitzer went to China to report what was there; Harriman to Russia to report the preconceptions he brought with him. Communist China has exercised more discretion than the U.S. State Department.

Louisiana Reminder

The current adventures of Louisiana's Governor Earl K. Long are in the wildest tradition of Grade B shockers. Indeed, the whole sequence reads as if designed for a movie script: a rip-roaring opening scene in the legislature with the Governor ranting and cursing for six hours—drug injections by sinister doctors—white-coated attendants lugging the victim to ambulance and waiting airplane—a flight to incarceration in the alien state of Texas—the victim shouting from his barred window to passers-by—crowds of relatives, friends, doctors and lawyers at a court proceeding—a distraught wife and the victim's protestation of sanity—the return to the home jurisdiction—and, of course, the bitter struggle in the background for political control. Hollywood couldn't ask for anything more.

But let us keep in mind that very serious issues, both private and public, are at stake. Whatever the truth, which is by now lost beneath the melodrama and the usual coarse sensationalism of the press, there are individual sorrows that should arouse a decent sympathy. And in public terms there are nearly insoluble legal and constitutional problems. Is Earl K. Long, alleged to be mad but himself denying his madness, the legal governor of the State of Louisiana, or is he not? Who can legally reply to that perplexing question? Upon the answer depends a growing host of issues: who can validate or veto laws, hire and fire state officers, properly sign contracts and other documents having legal and financial

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consequences many years into the future, issue orders to police and militia, pardon a condemned man?

The total confusion into which the government of Louisiana has been plunged should remind us how irresponsible Congress and public opinion have been in shelving the analogous problem that might arise at the federal level. In spite of the warnings of Mr. Eisenhower's illnesses, no legal or constitutional provisions have been made against the chance of Presidential incapacity, real or alleged, from physical or mental illness, capture or kidnapping or drugs. The results could quickly confound, paralyze and even destroy the nation. Earl Long, luckily, does not command an atomic trigger.

Chewing at Tradition

From a reader: "I was waiting to pay for whatever it was I was buying. The snazzy young thing had led the clerk clear down to the bubblegum department. She was busy buying ALL the bubblegum they had. When they both came back to the cash register, I asked the s.y.t. whether she was cornering a market. She said no, she taught eighth grade.

"I expressed interest in the connection. She explained that tomorrow was the last day of school. I concurred. She stated that while it was necessary for the children to attend, there was nothing for them to do because all the books had gone back to the library. She therefore proposed to stage a bubblegum blowing contest. I looked surprised. She looked amused. She left. The clerk (aged, I should think, mid-thirties) said that when she was at school what they always did on the last day was hold a spelldown. She said this neither in outrage nor in sorrow but as though touched by the wing of time passing. End of incident."

Notes and Asides

Former Justice Robert Morris, longtime chief counsel of the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, is actively campaigning in New Jersey in behalf of the Republican Party, stressing the motto of NATIONAL REVIEW—individual liberty and national survival. He will unquestionably figure in the race in 1960 for the Senate. Those interested in his campaign should write to the Committee for Robert Morris, 4 No. Willow Street, Trenton, New Jersey, telephone EXport 6-7521.

We commend to our readers the transcript of a recent debate at Stanford University between Professor Willmoore Kendall, an editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, and Professor Mulford Sibley of the University of Minnesota, on the topic, "War and Force—Moral or Immoral? Christian or Un-Christian?" The debate was the sensation of the year at Stanford (2,200 students paid 25 cents to attend), and the transcript is available from an enterprising sophomore who had it printed. Write to Richard Noble, Box 2662, Stanford, California, and send 50 cents. It makes for exciting reading at a moment when pacifist sentimentalities are draining Western resolve.

Time Marches On

A reader spotted an advertisement in a first edition of Dickens' *Little Dorrit*, No. 1, December 1854, London: Brodberry and Evans, Bouverie Street:

THE NATIONAL REVIEW

"On the 30th June, 1855, it is intended to publish the First Number of the 'National Review,' a new quarterly Journal of General Literature, Politics, and Social and Religious Philosophy.

"In originating such a Periodical the Conductors believe that they will supply a want long recognized, and every day more urgently felt by thousands of their thoughtful countrymen, who are unable to identify themselves with any one of the acknowledged parties in Church or State. It appears to us that there is no party, ecclesiastical or political, that is not manifestly embarrassed rather than sustained by its own watchwords and traditions. The established and conventional formulas of thought are confessedly inadequate to express the actual convictions of the time; and though often liberally interpreted or questionably stretched to embrace the new conditions, this very accommodation virtually surrenders their essential life, and confesses the presence of younger energies and aspirations, which claim independent and original expression."

Erratum. Through an error in transcription, a sentence in Pyrrho's "Dead Hand of the Treasury" (*NR*, June 20) read: "In England, 50 per cent of the cost of a machine tool can be depreciated in the first year." The maximum allowance in England has been 40 per cent, and at present is normally 20 per cent.

Our Contributors: RAYMOND ENGLISH ("Six Dangerous Months"), Chairman of the Department of Political Science at Kenyon College, is author of *Pursuit of Purpose*. BEN RAY REDMAN ("A Russian Comic Masterpiece") is a man of many talents. At present a free-lance writer, he has been a literary editor, a translator, a scenario writer and motion picture executive. ROBERT Y. DRAKE, JR. ("Fierce Faith Undying"), an instructor at Northwestern University, is also a contributor to *Modern Age*.

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

The Freedom Commission

Communism has won most of its victories over the Free World through a variety of activities known as political warfare. That statement comes as close to a truism as any that can be made about Cold War. It is also true that the U.S. has never seriously tried to compete with the Soviet Union in this dimension. Last week, however, the so-called Freedom Commission bill (*NR*, Feb. 28, 1959) had its day in court before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, and a few inches of progress were made toward putting the U.S. in business.

Some years ago, a group of hard anti-Communists calling itself the Orlando Committee (after a pilot project then in operation in the Florida city of that name) conceived the idea of a school to teach qualified Free World citizens the arts of political warfare—a Western counterpart, as it were, to the Lenin Institute. At that time, the Committee insisted on private funds: government money might be as good as any other, but government control was just the thing that could prevent the school from becoming an effective anti-Soviet instrument. The school's main purpose, after all, was to give the Free World an offensive arm, a concept that ran directly athwart the defensive state of mind of Free World governments. But three years of trying failed to produce the necessary funds and the Orlando project was, for the moment, dead.

Early this year several members of the Committee decided to revive the project in the form of a government-supported school. Spearheaded by a bright, energetic Florida lawyer named Alan Grant, the group drafted a bill and set about looking for congressional sponsors.

The bill envisioned, as the school's governing body, a new, Presidentially-appointed executive agency—"The Freedom Commission." The Commission would establish a "Freedom Academy," which would, in turn, address itself to the following missions: "The development of systematic knowledge about the Communist conspiracy"; the development of "an operational science" to counteract the conspiracy—*i.e.*, political warfare; and the education and training of private persons and relevant government personnel. The Commission would select the students from other Free World nations as well as the United States, and make grants to defray expenses. In addition, the Commission would establish an "information center" for gathering anti-Communist material under one roof and disseminating it to the public. In February, Rep. Herlong of Florida introduced the legislation in the House. A few days later, Minnesota's Walter Judd, probably the most knowledgeable foe of Soviet imperialism on the Hill, joined as co-sponsor. In April, Senators Mundt and Douglas introduced companion legislation on the Senate side . . . . Meantime the Justice Department advised that it opposed the legislation on the grounds it would duplicate other executive operations such as USIA and FBI! This was the first official intimation of the Administration's position on the bill. Such was the state of affairs when the Internal Security Subcommittee opened hearings last week.

Besides Mundt, Herlong and Judd, an impressive group of private citizens took the stand to plead the Academy's cause—among them: Gerhart Niemeyer; Stefan Possony; C. D. Jackson, vice president of *Time* and former Eisenhower adviser on Cold War strategy; Arthur McDowell, AFL-CIO official and executive secretary of the Council Against Communist Aggression; Herbert Philbrick; Leo Cherne; Edward Hunter. The presiding senators—Democrat Dodd and Republicans Keating and Hruska—appeared duly impressed, and can be expected to report favorably some version of the bill to the parent Judiciary Committee.

The ultimate fate of the bill, however, appears to depend on either of two groups: the Administration, which could secure its passage in a jiffy by saying it is needed; or on Senate Liberals, who seem to be interested and who see in it the potential of becoming the Democratic Foreign Policy Suggestion for 1959. The chances of either of these forces coming through are, of course, not good: they could be brought around on the "duplication" objections which are largely camouflage anyway; but the bill envisions an offensive against Communism—something both groups have hitherto opposed.

The bill is also handicapped by misgivings about it in hard anti-Communist quarters. One of them is that the purposes of the legislation are unnecessarily overt. To advertise the creation of a political warfare school, the argument runs, is precisely the way *not* to conduct political warfare. By openly subsidizing indoctrination of foreigners, for example, we expose them to the charge of being American agents. This objection could be overcome, of course, by subtler language. And yet is there nothing to be said for advising the world we are no longer playing games with the Soviet Union? Unambiguousness about Free World intentions is what we need most today.

A more substantial objection is that the Freedom Commission is doomed to be run by the wrong people. It is to be appointed by the President, and knowing what kind of Presidents we are likely to have, is it not sure to become another CIA? The point is sound: while the danger could be mitigated by giving Congress a hand in the appointments, this *is* the likely fate of the Commission—and thus of the Academy. But is it a valid reason for opposing the bill? At worst, the project would become another boondoggle, and not a very expensive one at that. On the other hand, there is a chance here of accomplishing great good. The Freedom Academy will probably never be effective until there is a conversion at the highest levels; but should a conversion occur, it would be in existence, ready to go to work. And who knows?—the Academy might even have a hand in bringing the conversion about.

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Notting Hill and the Murders to Come

Demoralizing terror stalks Notting Hill; the irritants of yesterday promise more violence tomorrow; extremist proposals exacerbate the tensions between Jamaicans and whites

COLM BROGAN

On the night of the Feast of Pentecost a handful of youths stopped Kelso Cochrane, a young Negro, in a Notting Hill street and demanded money. They got none. Cochrane was stabbed through the heart and left on the pavement. It was said that up to twenty witnesses saw the affray. Nobody came to the succor of the dying man, and only one witness spoke. Mrs. Okine, white wife of a Negro boxer, described what she had seen and heard and admitted that she had done nothing to help. It was not inhumanity but demoralizing terror that made her bitterly regret she had even spoken. Her house at the time of writing, is under night and day guard.

For a whole week nobody else said a single word, though the police were endlessly searching, burrowing and interviewing and holding possible witnesses for as long as two days. When silence was at last broken it was not at the behest of the clergy, civic authorities or the police. It was broken at the behest of a frequently convicted criminal. His patience was exhausted by the spectacle of the rozzers, those enemies of an uninhibited society, infesting the whole district, so he let it be known that people might talk. The sooner the police found their man or men, the sooner they would cease their officious interference. Notting Hill today bears some resemblance to Cicero under the reign of Al Capone.

Ten days beforehand I was warned to expect trouble in Notting Hill during the Whitsun week end, and I daresay every other man in Fleet Street had the same warning from one source or another. Trouble was to be expected for two reasons. Tension had been rising for months, partly because of the speeches of Sir Oswald Mosley, head of the prewar British fascists whose followers had fought it out with Communists in the streets of the East End. Mosley's Notting Hill speeches have been carefully phrased, but the very presence of a man with his record is a precipitant of trouble in itself.

Fair Skies Bring Trouble

Another sure pointer to trouble was the weather. An experienced man said to me, "If you don't want Hell to break loose in Notting Hill, keep your fingers crossed and pray that the good weather doesn't last too long." In most areas good weather is a soother. In Notting Hill it is an exacerbant.

It brings the Negroes out into the street where they flop and lounge, barefooted, on dirty doorsteps. I have remarked before[1] on the offense caused to the white *indigenes* by this sloppy but intrinsically harmless habit, but I had underrated the intensity of the resentment. Indeed, that resentment is so intense as to be barely rational; it is worthy of close sociological study.

But a hot sun also brings out the smells and intensifies the already almost unendurable noise from juke boxes, radios and record players. Anne Sharpley of the *London Evening Standard* is a highly intelligent and perceptive woman reporter. Shortly after the murder she walked past a row of terraced houses in Notting Hill. Every house was Negro-occupied and from every one some mechanical musical instrument assaulted the air. The windows were open so none of the volume was lost.

On the day after the murder another reporter interviewed a Negro in the house where the murdered man had lodged. The man had a radio bigger than his bed and it was going full blast in this house of mourning and would doubtless go on like that all day. Mr. Tom Drieberg, ex-chairman of the Labor Party and an advocate of race equality, interviewed a soft-spoken Negro in his room. The Negro assured him earnestly that his people were not the aggressors. No doubt he was right, but it was difficult to hear him for the blast that was coming from his juke box. Noise that keeps children awake at night was one of the causes of the first outbreak, but it still goes on. It seems these West Indians will not learn.

As for the smells, Anne Sharpley found 61 unwashed milk bottles outside one Negro-occupied house. With a hot sun beating down, these added their own sour contribution to the atmosphere. Litter bins meant for empty cigarette packets and discarded newspapers are crammed with domestic garbage that spills onto the pavement. It may be said that the garbage collection and street cleaning service is quite insufficient. But was it quite so insufficient before the Negroes came? It may be understandable that methods of garbage disposal that are not offensive in the West Indies should be continued out of thoughtless habit in the quite different circumstances of a crowded urban district, but if the immigrants still do not know which of their habits cause burning resentment they have been singularly ill-advised or singularly inattentive. The architecture of Notting Hill might fairly be described as peeling Victorian. For a long time the better elements among the natives of Notting Hill have been fighting a stern battle to save their district from sliding into the condition of a slum. If they now

[1] See Mr. Brogan's "Mayhem at Notting Hill," *National Review*, September 27, 1958.

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feel that they are losing the battle because of the immigrants, they can scarcely be expected to be tolerant and understanding.

British Provincialism

But the intolerance of the natives is, in part, the product of bigoted provincialism stemming from a stubborn lack of imagination. For example, the idiosyncratic English of the Jamaicans may interest and amuse the highbrow but not the sturdy working man. "Them bastards," he is apt to say, "they even talks rotten," thus bearing his jealous witness to the canons of *Fowler's English Usage.*

Nor is he willing to show much sympathy for the authentic grievances of the Negroes. Many of them are cruelly exploited by the landlords. But the high rents extorted from the Negroes are quite often held as another grievance against them. The question is often put—how can a man with no visible income except an unskilled worker's wage pay five or, in a few cases, even ten pounds a week for a two-room flat? The inference that there is another, and illegal, source of income is often unjust, but it is drawn. There is also resentment of rapacious Negro landlords, certain of whom pay an installment for a shabby and decrepit house and then pack it with lodgers till the eaves bulge.

Manifestly there is grave need for understanding on both sides, but the best-meant efforts to encourage such an understanding have been painfully unsuccessful. The Rainbow Club, which was started under the patronage of a star-studded committee, had to close because it was smashed up every night by the Teds. (Significant note: Teddy Boys have been promoted to "Teds." Tolerance has been exhausted, at least on the part of the police. "Teddy Boys" aroused a certain amused compassion for adolescent vagaries. The "Teds" rouse no compassion. They are an ugly moronic Jacquerie.) The people who ran the Rainbow Club decided to close down rather than call in the police. They knew that there could never be any accommodation with the Negroes of Notting Hill until they could soften the granite-hard hostility of the Teds. But they also knew that if they called in the police, the granite-hard opposition would become adamantine.

That is Notting Hill today. Trevor Huddleston has said that he has found among the youth of Notting Hill a more implacable hostility to the Negro than he ever found in South Africa.

Less spectacular efforts have come to grief in a less spectacular way. Multi-racial committees and clubs have had a diminishing success. For the most part, the whites simply don't want to meet the Negroes; and the Negroes, for their part, are obsessed with fear, suspicion and fantasies. They suspect even those whites who are doing their sacrificial best to help them. This is neither as foolish or ungrateful as it might appear. One briskly intelligent woman social worker, in a personal post-mortem on her failures, said that she and all like her should concede that they had approached their task in the spirt of "We simply love lepers." To a hyper-sensitive Negro the kindliest condescension can be as insulting as a snub.

Both sides believe that the police are against them. The Negroes say the police favor the native English in any kind of a brawl; while the whites complain that the courts favor the Negroes when it comes to a trial. Between these the Bobby stands as the tertium strictly *non-gaudens.*

Scotland Yard was heavily criticized for discounting the idea that the murder was a racial affair. It said the murder was committed for the sake of robbery. If the Scotland Yard hypothesis is accepted and the gang is convicted, it will get the death penalty. Under the new Homicide Act, murder of a civilian by any instrument other than a firearm is not a hanging matter—unless the murder is committed in the pursuit of robbery. If even one youth is found guilty of capital murder, condemned and not reprieved, it will take all the police in London to keep the peace in Notting Hill the night before the hanging.

If the best meant efforts to promote racial understanding and tolerance continue to be unavailing, what is to be done to bring peace back to Notting Hill? Tacitly accepting the failure of these efforts, the *New Statesman,* which might be described as the soft underbelly of the Left, has said that peace will depend on the number of police available in local reserve. The idea of Harrow Road police station having a riot squad huddled in the rear, ready to pour out like Keystone cops at the first sign of trouble, is not attractive. It would mean that Notting Hill would be living in a permanent state of emergency.

Radical Proposals

Extremist solutions are advanced on both sides. Dr. C. D. de la Corbiniere, deputy Prime Minister of the West Indies Federation, has a more robust and radical solution. He had hardly landed in London before he said that the British Government must stamp out racial hostility in Britain "in the same way and just as ruthlessly as the Mau Mau were stamped out in Kenya." He was opposed to the formation of a Negro constabulary or vigilante force. "You have an army, navy and air force," he said. "If necessary, the forces should be turned out." We also have a number of atom bombs. If we turned out just one of these the problem of Notting Hill would be rapidly resolved.

On the other side we have Sir Oswald Mosley. Mosley now proposes that all the Negroes be sent back home. He disclaims any racial prejudice and says that Britain must divert trade to West Indies to help the natives live more comfortably on their native soil. His solution is unthinkable. It would immediately destroy the moral basis of the Empire, and although the Empire is a distinctly curious affair there is more honest idealism and internationalism in the Imperial concept than most Americans seem to feel ready to allow.

However, Sir Oswald, if possible, appears moderate when compared with Mr. Andrew Fountaine. Mr. Fountaine, a country squire with broad acres, was looked upon by some not many years ago as the rising hope of the stern unbending Tories. He was disowned by the party but nearly beat the machine in an exciting election. He is now the head of an *ad hoc* body called the National Labor League. On the Sunday following the murder, he spoke in Trafalgar Square and said that if the

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Commonwealth meant a multi-racial society then "to Hell with the Commonwealth." He has defined as "colored" all who are not European —and he makes no exception of Americans. They are colored too, according to Mr. Fountaine's shade card.

It would be easy to dismiss Mr. Fountaine as a crackpot, but it might just possibly be unwise. He is most certainly a fanatic but he is also a man of extreme force of character and of high intelligence. He does not give a Duke of Wellington's damn for anybody. When he got up to rouse the rabble in Trafalgar Square, he was wearing a bowler hat. I have pondered long and hard to find an American parallel to the enormity of this casual and contemptuous solecism, but I have been defeated. It was a free and rich gift to his organized opposition, but Andrew Fountaine simply did not care. He likes to wear a bowler hat, so he wore a bowler hat. When he last stood for Parliament he was asked to attend a Sunday church service along with his two opponents. He bluntly refused. "I am not a Christian," he said, "and I am not a hypocrite." The man has force.

He also has alarming intuitions. He has said that the politician who can win the allegiance of the Teddy Boys can rule England. This is almost certainly untrue, but is not *quite* certainly untrue, and it does contain this grain of undoubted truth: anyone who can command the Teddy Boys can make life fairly miserable all round. Watch Andrew Fountaine. You have never heard of him before and I hope you will never hear of him again. But you may.

What then is to be done against this growing anti-Negro campaign? The tragedy of Notting Hill is simply this, that the Negroes who have been rejected as neighbors have been accepted by London at large as workers. Negro nurses are immensely popular. The Negro transport workers are generally well-liked, and they set an example in ready service to most of their white colleagues. Many a harassed and burdened mother has had reason to be grateful to a Negro porter in the Underground who has come to her aid without being asked and without thought of reward.

Vice Flourishes

But still the maddening din of music goes on, and the streets of Notting Hill get dirtier.

Then there is vice. I have so far refrained from mentioning this melodramatic element in the situation, but the most unrealistic race-egalitarians have ceased to deny that it is an insolent and monstrous growth. I make no recommendation, I merely pass the remark that a group of Negroes would do much good if they pulled a negro pimp out of his Bentley and beat him up on the pavement and then drove his white tart out of the district. This would be an act of utter lawlessness (unthinkable in Notting Hill) and the police would frown severely if they did not happen to be looking the other way. But it might go a long way toward convincing the whites that there are Negroes as revolted by a flaunting obscenity as they are themselves. If that does not happen, then some day a white group will pull the colored pimp out of his Bentley and it will murder him.

The proposal to drive the Negroes out of the country is stupid as well as politically impossible. Many intelligent working men will freely concede that they owe a debt to the Negroes who are ready to do the dirty primitive jobs on which their own pleasanter and better paid work depends. Some of them spontaneously adopt a Negro working mate and fuss over him, but they still do not want Negroes as neighbors. For one thing, they want a neighborhood quiet enough so that their children can sleep at night.

It Works Elsewhere

Unless the Negroes can be persuaded of the wild anger that some of their social habits rouse there is only one practical solution, although that solution presents many practical though not insuperable difficulties. That solution can be described in one word: segregation.

It works in Cardiff. It works in Liverpool. Both these towns had a considerable Negro population long before Notting Hill. But in both towns the non-whites have clustered in one area, along with a number of whites who like it that way. They join the ordinary population in work, but their domestic and social life is their own. There is some friction at times and a good deal of talk but nothing serious has happened for years. Nobody forces segregation. It just happened that way and it suits both sides. A few Negroes, who wish to live the English way, move out and are socially accepted—so long as they accept the English standards. Humanly speaking, this informal understanding is far from perfect, but it is a good deal better than the murder that has happened in Notting Hill and the other murders that are to come.

If some voluntary segregation can be tactfully encouraged over a few years, Notting Hill may become civilized again. If it cannot, then the Jamaicans simply must stop creating a hellish noise and must help in keeping the streets clean. If neither of these accommodations can be reached, I can only pray that it rains in Notting Hill all day, every day of the year.

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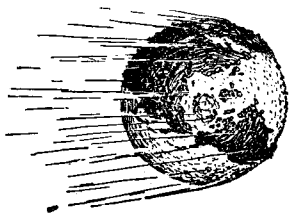

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

The Undecisive Weapon

The United States is becoming more and more wholly committed to a nuclear strategy; and to such a strategy in its extreme form of "the massive deterrent." Our military doctrine and practice rest on the premise that safety is secured by maintenance of a force-in-being capable of annihilating the main base of the enemy.

The doctrine is expressed not merely in theoretical studies—which are indeed secondary—but in the allocation of defense funds, the organization of the military commands, and the concentration of official energies. From each of these perspectives, the budget and plans for the next fiscal year mean deeper commitment to the all-out nuclear strategy.

More billions of dollars are shifting from manned aircraft to giant missiles, but this is only a mechanical change. In fact, ICBMs are committed to "massive deterrence" even more absolutely than are manned aircraft. Manned aircraft can always be diverted, even if awkwardly, to variant objectives; but annihilating a primary base (or threatening to do so) is the only thing big missiles are good for.

We are reducing Marine and Army units that do not fit the one-line strategy. The Navy, under the same strategic *diktat*, must retire hundreds of "tactical" vessels and cut its personnel below effective operating levels, while new capital funds are channeled into the Polaris-carrying submarines that are an element of the deterrent force.

Neither Past nor Future

Meanwhile public discussion of war, by pacifists or diplomats, revolves entirely around the problem of high-yield nuclear weapons: as witness both the endless Geneva test ban negotiations and the NATO-wide anti-bomb campaign of the SANE and sister fronts.

By commitment to unilinear nuclear strategy we are losing not only all political, strategic and military flexibility, but all contact with military reality. It is the traditional sin of General Staffs to prepare for the last war. We may be preparing for a war that has no place in either past or future.

Fidel Castro has just won a war against an established regime that was, as regimes go nowadays, comparatively strong in money, arms and organization. Castro, we may be sure, did not give two minutes' thought to atom bombs. He conquered by the integral combination of guerrilla and political warfare. Since his victory he has defied with scorn and impunity the most powerful atom-armed nation on earth: namely, us. His policies, both domestic and external, are a grave threat to our security. In countering them, what slightest use is all our stockpile of atom bombs, B-52s and big missiles?

There is nothing exceptional about Castro's war. Guerrilla-political warfare is war's typical form in the present era; and is often a decisive factor even in wars that include conventional combat.

What is the record? Only two atom bombs have ever been used for direct military purposes. It is universally agreed that these were *not* decisive for the outcome of the war in which they were applied. They shortened that war but did not decide it.

Since then there has been continuous warfare. The Pentagon recognizes eighteen conflicts as distinct "wars":

1. Indonesian War (1945-47)
2. Chinese Civil War (1945-49)
3. Malayan War (1945-54)
4. Indochina War (1945-54)
5. Greek Guerrilla War (1946-49)
6. Kashmir Dispute (1947-49)
7. Arab-Israel War (1948-49)
8. Korean War (1950-53)
9. Guatemalan Revolt (1954)
10. Argentine Revolt (1955)
11. Algerian Insurrection (1954-)
12. Sinai Campaign (1956)
13. UK-French Seizure of Suez (1956)
14. Hungarian Suppression (1956)
15. Muscat and Oman (1957)
16. Lebanon-Jordan (1958)
17. Taiwan Strait (1958)
18. Cuba (1958-59)

This list might readily be expanded. Certainly such conflicts as the Philippine guerrilla struggles, the 1958 Indonesian and Iraqi civil wars, etc. belong on it.

Be Prepared! For What?

The results of these wars have been of immense significance not only for the regions directly involved but for the world power equilibrium and, specifically, for the security of the United States. Where has the atom bomb—the "decisive," the "ultimate" weapon—been all this time? Most of these wars—including the world-shaking Chinese war—have been fought by guerrilla-political (the two are inseparable) methods. Nor should we forget that guerrilla-political operations were by no means unimportant in the Second World War: *cf.* Yugoslavia, France, Albania, Poland, Ukraine.

Guerrilla warfare is a difficult art. Certain individuals—Mao Tse-tung supremely in our age, Tito, Ho Chi Minh, Castro—seem to be born with a flair for it. But it can be learned and developed through study, planning, specialized production and hard training. Our own nation can draw on a long tradition of guerrilla fighting that dates back to the earliest settlers, scouts and Indian fighters.

The imbalance in our defense strategy, its lack of adjustment to existing reality, is shown and proved by the minute proportion of money, manpower and thought that is assigned to guerrilla and political warfare. We pour our efforts into a presumed future war that may never happen. Meanwhile, by refusing to face up to reality, we lost major campaigns of the real Third World War, which is nothing other than this continuous pulsating series of primarily guerrilla-political operations that began in the Egyptian harbor of Alexandria in April 1944.

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July 4, ~~1984~~ 1959

Ode Written in Newspeak

MORRIE RYSKIND

Ring out, ring out, Security Bell!
Ring out all over the U.S.A.!
On this, our sacred Dependence Day,
Proclaim the truths that we know so well:
Toil and thrift are a twin impurity
Scorned by a nation that's come to maturity;
Self-reliance is out-of-date,
And a patriot depends on The State—
So down with Freedom and hail Security!

(*And to hell, to hell*
With the flibberty-gibberty Liberty Bell!)

Tell of the Pilgrims and Plymouth Rock—
And, mind you, none of that poppycock
Of freedom to worship as they chose
But the truth that's as plain as your very nose—
They suffered hardship, they tempted fate
Not for love of God, but the Welfare State;
They faced the tempest, they rode the wave
To be rid of want from cradle to grave.
That was their God and their Holy Spirit—
Ring out, O Bell, that the world may hear it!

Quote Patrick Henry, who rose from obscurity
All in one breath
By telling the Burgesses, "Give me Security—
Or give me Death."

Hail Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill
And the lessons they teach us with simple clarity!
(*The embattled farmers are with us still—*
Fighting for Parity!)

Let Betsy Ross have an extra chime:
Who stayed up nights with patches and rags,
Sewing the first of our country's Flags!
(*She could have taken the day-shift, but*
She wanted the overtime.)

Ring out, ring out, Security Bell!
Ring out defiance
To self-reliance!
Forget the maxims Poor Richard gave us—
Hail to the glorious chains that enslave us!
For who would stand on his own two feet
When the government will provide a seat
At a festive board that gleams like a star,
Replete with Marxian caviar?

Pitch your tune to the Liberal Line
And tell our progress, superb, divine,
From '76 to '59—
How the Minute Men's descendants
Finally achieved Dependence!

Ring out, ring out, Security Bell,
Proclaim the truths we have learned so well:
That there's no such thing as a national debt
(*If you owe yourself, you're a fool to fret!*);
That all are equal and who would rise
Above the crowd wears a fascist guise;
That a good day's work for a good day's pay
Is the law of the jungle beasts of prey—
And one not fit for the U.S.A.

And warn the tyrant who would undo us
Who treads on Old Glory must answer to us:
We'll seek him out at the Conference Table
(*Square or round, round or square,*
He can be certain that we'll be there!)
And argue as long as we are able!

And if American boys are slain?
We'll gladly discuss it again and again—
And again!

So ring out, ring out, Security Bell!
Ring out all over the U.S.A.!
On this, our sacred Dependence Day
Proclaim the truths that we know so well!

(*And to hell, to hell*
With the flibberty-gibberty Liberty Bell!)

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

A Bad Week

A bad and chaotic week lies behind us, demonstrating that as to critical sense, prudence, self-discipline and foresight, Europe is far from having achieved even near perfection. All these things happened in the shadow of the floundering Conference in Geneva, the Continent's most ill-starred city: the London *Times'* torpedo against Selwyn Lloyd, the bursting of the Sicilian bubble, the French stand on atomic weapons within their territory and, last but not least, the earthquake in Germany caused by Adenauer's *volte face*. The intrigue against the British Foreign Minister has shown that the *Times* is neither infallible nor above the suspicion of damaging national interests at a time of crisis; the French have proved that their government has not the patience to hold back from throwing its weight around until such time as it could do so without imperiling a precarious alliance. And the Sicilian events demonstrated some simple facts which should be memorized: the fact that Roman centralism can create such odd and dangerous situations as an alliance between a big Catholic splinter group and the Communists-Socialists on the rim of non-homogeneous Italy; the fact that the *Democristiani* are basically united by a religious faith, but divided by an astounding variety of political stands and concepts and, thirdly, the fact that Papal decrees, pronouncements, and wishes rarely get the respectful obedience outsiders take for granted except, perhaps, in the Hibernian branch of Holy Mother Church.

The *Democristiani,* as a matter of fact, made considerable progress in the last South Italian city elections and they would have scored a great victory in Sicily, too, if Signor Milazzo had not deserted them with his emphatically "autonomist" followers. The two Catholic parties among them, however, scored more votes than ever before, which brings up anew an old debate concerning the desirability of a single Catholic party. Since Italy has proportional representation, the vote for two Catholic parties, accommodating a greater diversity of views, might strengthen the Center and the Right. (There is no articulate, but only a sentimental, Catholic vote on the Left.) Still, it remains to be seen what government Sicily will get in the long run. Cardinal Ruffini feels it "inconceivable" that Signor Milazzo will again join the Communists—at least not so long as the Vatican decree is so fresh in everybody's memory. Nor is it unthinkable (as a matter of fact, it is even likely) that Milazzo will form a coalition government with the *Democristiani,* provided it will allow him, a traitor, to be Prime Minister. His group is small but it occupies a key position.

Adenauer's About-Face

These events, however—and the threatened Italian and French transport strikes—pale in comparison with the excitement created in Germany by Dr. Adenauer's *volte face* and his very serious and truly deplorable tiff with Erhard. Both men, in the eyes of the Germans, had functioned as a "miraculous team." Adenauer's distrust of Erhard probably is founded on profound ideological grounds. The latter is a first-rate expert with, as far as can be ascertained, little ideological or theological baggage which, to *Der Alte,* is an essential quality for top leadership. A Christian conviction is certainly no ironclad guarantee of a strong line in internal and foreign policy (*vide* Dr. Gerstenmeier, President of the Diet, Church Counsellor, and one of the weakest links in the CDU), but still it is a factor.

To the observer nothing was more depressing than the sudden demonstration of disunity in the CDU-CSU, yet nothing more amusing than the helpless, impotent fury of the opposition at Adenauer's decision. It accused him of "autocracy, arrogance, human contempt, undemocratic behavior, destruction of Germany's prestige," etc. The Socialists (and the FDP), needless to say, received full support from the British, and from the Communist press in the Soviet Zone which produced identical, highly sentimental arguments. Erhard, whom the Socialists have fought for ten years, suddenly emerged as a hero of the Left. Taking a new world situation into consideration, Adenauer had changed his mind. Any monarch, any statesman, any sensible person would have done precisely that. If, in today's democracies, the public does not expect to encounter sudden about-faces of this sort, then there is trouble ahead. This, after all, is what the people of the democracies must face from the fast-moving, fast-thinking, hard-hitting dictatorships, each little concerned with its own public opinion.

Adenauer, defending his decision before the *Bundestag,* was magnificent. It seemed hardly believable that the man with the strong voice, firing one cruelly devastating remark after another into the ranks of raging pinks, was in his eighty-fourth year. He made monkeys out of his critics. Intelligent German radio listeners, understanding all the innuendoes and jokes, had the time of their lives. It certainly was the best entertainment I have enjoyed in years. Excellent, too, was the defense of Dr. Jaeger, Vice President of the Diet, who brutally told the opposition where to get off. He admitted that Adenauer was an uncomfortable party boss; confirmed that *Der Alte* had told them plainly of his autocratic leanings when he had taken over the leadership. But, autocratic or not, he was a man of deeds who had given Western Germany—a hungry, despised, ruined nation when he became Chancellor—a place in the sun. What could the opposition offer as it looked back? A decade of sterile criticism and idle talk, interrupted by occasional flirtations with the Communists? As for Adenauer's contempt for man—a contempt mingled with affection—what German of his venerable age who had seen so many political changes and looked into the unsavory depths of human nature, could have a different attitude?

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Six Dangerous Months

Presidential elections are an attractive nuisance, says the author, an invitation to the enemy to act when our will to resist is weakest

RAYMOND ENGLISH

Between May and November, 1960, the international power and prestige of the United States are likely to be tested as never before, yet nobody in America seems to have noted the peculiar and unprecedented nature of the approaching crisis. But we may be sure that in Moscow and Peiping, and perhaps in Baghdad, Cairo and Potsdam, the strategists of dynamic diplomacy are planning hard to take advantage of the period of domestic infantilism which the American Constitution schedules so conveniently far ahead and which the American party bosses drag out for six months of bluster and brag and recrimination. An American Presidential election is, no doubt, a great sporting event, almost as exciting as the World's Series, but the fun may prove to be too costly in 1960, and it is worth considering the possibility for once of having a quick, sober election.

Are the people of the United States so apathetic and stupid that they cannot be worked up to the point of casting a vote without months of ballyhoo and self-canceling propaganda? Is it not time for Americans to take political elections not as a private scramble for power and patronage, nor as an exciting spectator sport, but as a necessary nuisance, inherent in a free system of government, to be got through as quickly and efficiently (one might add, as cheaply) as possible?

Elections may be as extravagant as a Mardi Gras Ball so long as they do not jeopardize the security of Western Civilization, but that is precisely what they are doing today. The writing was plainly on the wall in 1956. For six months American foreign policy was tentative, timid, procrastinating and platitudinous, and during that period the Suez Canal Treaty was unilaterally broken; a revolt was crushed quietly in Poland, and an opportunity for Western influence missed; lip-service was paid to paper plans like the Canal Users' Association; a wide split occurred in both the Western alliance and Israeli-American relations, and the horrible suppression of the Hungarian liberation movement was met with mere wordy denunciations. Opportunities for firm leadership were missed; action to check Soviet penetration of the Middle East was delayed; the Eisenhower Doctrine, which was needed in July 1956, could not be announced until January 1957. Had the Lebanon-Iraq crisis of July 1958 occurred in July 1956, one can be fairly sure that American troops would not have been moved into the Middle East; such a bellicose action would then have been most "unwise."

The coincidence of a foreign policy of postponement and the election campaigns was scarcely accidental in 1956. Surely one does not have to be divinely inspired in order to deduce that America's enemies learned a valuable lesson at that time, and to prophesy that the crises of 1960 will multiply twelvefold those of 1956.

Democracy Has Disadvantages

It is truism of political science that democracies are at a disadvantage in diplomacy. They have to place too many cards face upon the table; they engage in appeals to the competing selfishnesses, and to the ignorance and sentimentality of the electorate (whose intelligence is, probably, consistently underestimated by the professional politicians and their public relations experts); they are compelled to submit to an auction of competitive bids by candidates for office; they are hamstrung by the fact that the calculations and motive forces of foreign policy are too subtle, complex and secret to be exposed in the market place. Other things being equal, the candidate who promises most "peace" and the cheapest defense policy usually wins. Sir Winston Churchill did *not* offer blood, toil, sweat and tears as an electioneering program; indeed, his Cassandra warnings were a positive disadvantage to the British Conservative Party in the 1930s.

The American system of elections doubles the disadvantages of democracy because a) the elections are predictably fixed and b) the electoral campaigns are absurdly long. The effects of fixed elections are, first, that America's potential foes can make their plans well ahead, timing their "spontaneous" crises to coincide with the nominating conventions or the campaign, and, second, that the incumbent Administration in the United States grows increasingly concerned with the short-term impact of foreign policy upon domestic votes as the election approaches, and, consequently, grows less and less prepared to take a firm or calculatedly "risky" line. Granted the necessity for quadrennial elections, the real snag appears to be the length of the pre-electoral campaigns.

A long electoral campaign encourages the Administration to permit domestic political calculations to dictate foreign policy and the Opposition to exploit temporary phases of international politics as electoral issues. Moreover, the longer the campaign the greater the exaggeration of party disagreement and the greater the apparent disunity and weakness of the nation. These consequences add up to a grave temptation to foreign aggressors and adventurers. American Presidential elections, in short, constitute an attractive nuisance in international politics.

Precise remedies for long, exacerbated, misleading campaigns are not the concern of the present argument. The main point is that the very

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real weakness inherent in the traditional electoral procedure be recognized, now that American foreign policy is of such immense importance and of hair-trigger delicacy. The question is simply: can America still afford her old World's-Series buncombe-and-bandwagon election campaigns—amusing and stimulating as they have been?

It may be maintained that a system that has worked since Andrew Jackson ought not to be tampered with. To such an argument the reply must be made that never until the present decade has America's role in international affairs been crucially and immediately decisive, nor has the nation been faced with a tottering international balance of power the preservation of which depended directly and almost instantaneously upon America alone. As late as 1956 it was conceivable that, during the election campaigns, America's allies could temporarily take the burden of decisive action in a crisis, but one wonders whether any ally of America's will ever take that responsibility again.

1960—Year of Crisis

A Presidential election has never occurred in a situation in which American foreign policy has needed to be as skillful and swift to react as will probably be the case in 1960. Yet, the experience of 1956 was disquieting enough, and in 1952 the electoral advantages of appearing as an international pacifier, not to say tranquillizer, were very clear. In 1948 the precipitate recognition of Israel without regard to the long-term problems of Middle East relations offered an interesting minor illustration of the dictation of foreign policy by domestic calculation. But these were hardly crisis years. What of the elections of 1916 and 1940, when America hovered on the brink of fateful decisions? In both years the Presidential elections were fought on utterly misleading issues—"He kept us out of war" and "Your sons will never be sent to fight in foreign wars." On two occasions in which a clear statement of American intention might just possibly have brought the imminent enemy to a mood of negotiation and moderation, the pattern of successful electioneering compelled the politicians to disguise the issues and even to create optimistic illusions not only at home, but in the enemy camp.

The evidence is imperfect, but surely disturbing. When we couple such indications with the proven fact of much popular ignorance about foreign politics, the prospect of world catastrophe while America "plays politics" in 1960 becomes quite terrifying. A series of minor errors, a succession of inadequate responses to clever moves by the enemy, could tilt the balance of power and prestige so heavily against America that the only remedy—short of acquiescence and submission—would be all-out war. And such a cumulative series of disasters could occur in a period of six months.

International politics are so kaleidoscopic that it is futile to predict where and what crises may break out in 1960. One thing is clear: the Communist powers have prepared the ground in many different parts of the world, and are in a position to plan now for a succession of distracting outbreaks. In Korea, in Quemoy and Matsu, in Indonesia and what was Indochina, in Kashmir, in Yemen, in the entire Middle East, in North Africa, in the Balkans, and in East-Central Europe, and no doubt at other unstable points, violence and disruption are possible. Even in a year uncomplicated by a Presidential election a combination of landings on the offshore islands of China, renewed fighting in Korea, a three-cornered struggle between Iraq, the UAR and Israel, conflict between or around East and West Germany, Russian pressure on Iran, and, possibly, an invasion of Yugoslavia by her satellite neighbors, would provide a serious challenge to the skill and courage of America and her allies. What would be the effects of a similar concatenation of crises between June and September of a "normal" Presidential election year is almost beyond imagining.

A pessimistic analysis of probabilities, but surely logical if one looks at the international situation through the eyes of our enemies, and, especially if one recognizes the skill and imagination of those enemies in exploiting our weaknesses and political foibles. A possible remedy would be for both parties and Presidential candidates in America to compete realistically on the "toughness" of their foreign policies. If, in 1916 and 1940, the campaigns had been waged by both sides on the threat of intervention in the war unless Germany retreated and negotiated, the active intervention of America might, paradoxically, have proved unnecessary. Perhaps the suggestion was politically unfeasible, and an attempt to follow it would merely have revealed an appalling division and weakness in American public opinion at that time. Whether a similar result would occur if both sides in 1960 took the line that America's policy must be one of strong and immediate reaction to every foreign crisis is at least debatable, but the chances are that the floating vote would still swing to the party which promised the least nerve-racking policy and which painted a rosy picture of a totally peaceful future without even local and limited use of force. Electorates are slow to learn.

What Khrushchev Expects

A discussion of what ought to be America's foreign policy (containment, liberation, massive retaliation, disengagement, tactical nuclear retaliation, economic aid, etc.) would be out of place here. What is certain is that in its week-to-week or day-to-day policy the United States must be firm, alert and capable of instant response to threats at any scattered point of the globe. Whether this policy should operate through threats of massive retaliation, by actual local retaliation, by mobilizing a United Nations force, by stimulating action on the part of America's allies, or by seizing the initiative at some other point by way of a strategic *quid pro quo*, is a matter for the experts to decide. But the experts will not be able to decide, if the electioneering pundits are whispering, "Don't do anything *now!* Don't rock the boat! Don't risk losing the Mothers' vote or the anti-war vote or the Midwestern quasi-isolationist vote!" This is precisely how a Presidential election produces temporary foreign policy paralysis. It is no doubt in the expectation of such paralysis that Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung are prepared to postpone until the summer of 1960

(*Continued on page* 191)

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The Open Question

What Is There to Negotiate?

FRANK S. MEYER

In my view, the United States has suffered a defeat at Geneva.

The issues of life and death come home in the end to nations as to the individual persons who make up nations. Since neither individuals nor nations can live forever, since there is a temporality about their fate that is beyond human control, the problem confronting them is not primarily whether they will live or die, but whether their mode of action is such that they comport themselves with honor and valor and virtue, whatever the outcome may be. The horror of life today is that the very meaning of these ends is almost forgotten. Therefore, the direction of American statecraft heads not toward heroic victory or tragic defeat, but toward a whimpering amalgam of farce and pathos.

Consider the drama now being enacted at Geneva. The curtain has fallen on the first act; and the plot begins to reveal itself. The first act, the Foreign Ministers Conference, has been pure farce. The function of the second act, which opens July 13 when the foreign ministers reconvene, will be only that of an interlude to the third act. In the third act, the Summit conference, farce is to be transformed into another pathetic defeat for the West.

The idiotic spectacle of a sovereign and powerful nation truckling to a brutal ultimatum and deigning to palaver with the authors of that ultimatum supplied the material for the first act. Our rights in Berlin were founded in the sacrifice of American blood and treasure, and are confirmed in morality by our duty to a conquered citizenry who have become firm, devoted and courageous allies. To sit down at a table to discuss those rights in cringing solicitude for our skins (we call it "devotion to peace") was tawdry enough; but to remain in session for day after day and week after week, swallowing the insolent *nyets* of the bureaucrat Gromyko—that has made us truly the shameful protagonists of an historical farce.

Nor is it only in the fundamental moral surrender implicit in our very presence there, that the Geneva proceedings have contributed to the further deterioration of our position. Think of the many detailed but important points on which we have retreated from the essentials of our Berlin policy since Khrushchev delivered his ultimatum.

Then, as a matter of principle, it was understood that we would not deal on any question of our paramount rights in Berlin with an East German government which we did not recognize, which we regarded, indeed, as not German at all, but a subservient bureau of the Soviet Government (would we have dealt with Vidkun Quisling on Norwegian matters?). It is true we have not fully conceded the legitimacy of the East German government—as yet. But we have in all substantial respects yielded our opposition to dealings with it.

Or take our provisional acceptance of a mutual agreement for the control of propaganda activities in Berlin. The Communists would lose nothing from such an agreement. They can operate equally effectively against the West from Leipzig or Dresden or Prague, but we would surrender one of the few great advantages we have in the Cold War—an advanced post behind the Iron Curtain, from which to penetrate the Soviet Empire.

These are all Western concessions. What *quid pro quo* do we hope to wrest from the Soviets in return? Only that they will not drive us out of Berlin by force. But how can they drive us out, without precipitating universal war, if we are determined to resist? Alas, there's the rub. The decisive indications are that we are not determined to resist.

It becomes clearer and clearer that once we accepted the Soviet ultimatum of last November as a subject for negotiation, the shadow-boxing of the foreign ministers could serve as nothing but a preliminary to the Summit. Nothing else has been possible since we failed to treat that ultimatum in the only way a proud and morally self-assured nation would have treated it: by ignoring it, and in ignoring it saying: "We are calling your bluff; if by any chance it is not a bluff, the only way you can drive us out of Berlin is by engaging the entire strength of the United States and the West."

So we are going to the Summit. The word out of Washington is that preparations in the Office of the President are already under way for that conference—and that what we are looking for, to present there, is another gimmick, like the "open skies" proposal of the last Summit conference. It may not even be so inimical to American national interests as the "open skies" proposal was. But whether it is negative, or neutral, or mildly positive, of one thing we can be sure: If this, as is reliably reported, is the spirit in which we are going to the Summit, it is not the spirit in which the Communists approach it. They are interested in serious questions: prevention of the arming of West Germany, acceptance of their penetration of the Middle East—that kind of thing.

Perhaps one should not be so hard on the President and American foreign policy. If we accept the basic premise of that policy, that our overriding aim is "peace," if we agree that war is "unthinkable," then since the aim of our enemy is world conquest and nothing less, what have we to negotiate about but gadgets?

What serious issue is there between the West and Communism that is negotiable? What accommodation to Communist values are we hankering after? What possible reason is there for welcoming a Kozlov today and a Khrushchev tomorrow with friendly acclaim, instead of with the mournful tolling of bells and the demonstrated hostility of free Americans? Why do we send our Vice President to Khrushchev in Moscow, instead of to de Gaulle in Paris and Adenauer in Bonn? What honorable purpose can be served by a Summit conference so long as Communism remains Communism?

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The School Consolidators

At this writing, the Senate of Michigan is considering a bill, already passed by the House of Representatives (House Bill No. 91), to give the Michigan superintendent of public instruction virtually absolute power to determine the boundaries of school districts. The practical effect of this measure would be to abolish rural school districts and to consolidate a large number of small high schools with those in big towns.

Why is it that, in every state, the educationist lobby has been working energetically to consolidate small schools with big, to nullify or abolish local school boards, to make country children go to school in towns, and (though this last is not often openly advocated, as yet) to unify a whole state into a single school district, governed by the superintendent of public instruction? More than this, indeed, the intention of the educationist backers of the behemoth education-bill now before Congress is to put the federal government in charge of the whole educational system. If these people continue to have their way, within a few years or decades there will be but one school-district remaining, its boundaries identical with those of the United States of America. In the name of "education for democracy," local and parental control of schools will have been abolished.

Well, men's motives are mixed. One powerful impelling force behind this consolidation-scheme is the appetite for patronage. The clique, the "patronage network of Teachers College, Columbia," which lies entrenched in nearly every state, in the state departments of public instruction, the state education association, the teachers' colleges, and the university departments of education—this co-prosperity sphere, directed on a national scale by the officers of the National Education Association and its affiliates—seeks its own betterment. Upon various levels, this challenge to the "Life Adjustment" educationists is growing stronger nowadays. Therefore the NEA crowd hopes to destroy local control once and for all, thus preventing any prudent reform of the schools on a local scale —and thus assuring the continued control of our system of public instruction by the NEA patronage-network.

In addition to this motive, some of the advocates of grandiose consolidation think that they are "working for democracy"—totalist democracy, that is, though they are unaware of their own totalitarian tendencies. They desire one perfect uniformity of schooling, throughout every state and, indeed, throughout the nation. This, they think, would be a grand step toward universal equality. No doubt —and toward universal mediocrity and boredom.

But the first of these two motives cannot be avowed publicly; and the second can be uttered only with caution, because some people, oddly enough, are antagonized by the doctrine of compulsory equality of condition. So the argument which ordinarily is made in support of consolidation is this: the bigger a school is, the better. Get rid, progressively, of rural districts, small high school districts, local control generally. Build gigantic schools, and "integrate" thoroughly in them children from all sorts of backgrounds. Thus any sort of curriculum can be offered in Behemoth High, and everyone will have "equal opportunity." This chain of reasoning, sufficiently specious, has won a good deal of public support for the cause of consolidation.

Dr. James Conant's recent book on the American high school (of which free copies were sent by the Carnegie Foundation to present and past school-board members, throughout the nation) is now being employed to advance the cause of the consolidators. What we need, the consolidators say, is "comprehensive" high schools that will be all things to all men, with plenty of money to offer every sort of curriculum; and this can be obtained only through enormous schools.

One trouble with Mr. Conant's thesis is that the minimum enrollment he considers necessary for decent standards in a high school is really the maximum enrollment for tolerable schooling. The late Lord Percy of Newcastle (who had much experience as a minister of education and as a university rector) remarks, in his memoirs, "It is not good to be educated in a crowd." Lord Percy thought Eton was much too big. It seems to Mr. Conant that a high school with a graduating class of less than a hundred is too small; it seems to me that a high school with a graduating class of more than a hundred is too big. Mob-schooling produces the mob-man—or, at best, the Other-Directed Man and the Alienated Man.

Really, the advantages in choice of curriculum which the big school has over the small school are slight. A big school can, of course, offer one good basic course of study, and also several sham-curricula. And a poorly-directed small school *may* offer only one badly-conceived and inadequate curriculum. But if both big and small schools concentrate on offering a sound program of general instruction, the small school can do quite as good a job as the big—a better job, indeed, because undertaken on a more humane scale. In this whole problem, a forthcoming study of basic curricula, sponsored by the Council for Basic Education and to be published commercially soon, will do much to help. A rural grade-school that teaches fundamentals sensibly can have quite as good a record as a big consolidated grade-school; a small high school that offers decent courses in history and literature and physics and mathematics can serve the community better than does Behemoth High, with Behemoth's gangs of roughneck students and impersonal atmosphere.

So I hope that the Michigan Senate will not pass the bill to increase the powers of the superintendent of public instruction. Quantity is not quality.

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"Smear and Unsupported Charges"

L. BRENT BOZELL

While he lived, one knew but couldn't prove that many of Senator McCarthy's critics were moved by something deeper and much uglier than their overt political differences with him. One knew it because of how they performed off-the-record; at a dinner party, for example, where their conversation revealed compulsive, unreasoning hatreds that made serious discussion of him impossible. One couldn't prove it because the libel laws bade them hold their tongues in public. But now he is dead and anything goes. Richard Rovere first let loose a grisly slander, which *Esquire* published on the anniversary of his death, asserting that McCarthy drank himself to death—as witness that he was to be seen "lurching" down the Senate corridors in the last days. (Actually, the "lurch" was due to a steel brace clamped to an enormously painful right leg.) This season Rovere has delivered himself of a full-length book, *Senator Joe McCarthy* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95), which purports to be an historical portrait of the man and his era, but which, in fact, is valuable only as evidence of what happens to an otherwise civilized Liberal reporter when he touches It.

As political history, this book is, simply, trash. For one thing, Rovere depends on the sort of rhetorical vulgarisms that automatically disqualify for serious history. McCarthy was a "cheap politician," "guttersnipe," "seditionist," "crook," "foul-mouthed," a "bum," "mucker," "liar"—"He lied with wild abandon . . . he lied in his teeth and in the teeth of the truth; he lied vividly and with a bold imagination; he lied, often, with very little pretense to be telling the truth"—"ranter," "screamer," "faker," "ogre," "rattlesnake": I gave up on this compilation half way through the book.

For another, Rovere is clearly indifferent to which of the myriad charges that make up his pastiche of anti-McCarthyana are true, and which are false. Some of the humbug relates to matters that any student of this period—and Rovere is one—knows like the back of his hand; and so is presumably advertent. McCarthy's presentation to the Tydings Committee, he reports, amounted to a lot of accusations, but "in nearly all cases no evidence." Twenty-five hundred pages of these hearings, at least half of which were devoted to McCarthy's testimony and documents, produced the evidence that eventually resulted in the dismissals of Service, Vincent, Brunauer and others, and in the judgment of a subsequent Senate committee that Owen Lattimore was "a conscious, articulate agent of the Soviet conspiracy." Rovere sums it all up with a crack: "Little of importance was learned except that McCarthy had little of importance to say."

He tells his readers that McCarthy's first case of alleged security risks in the State Department, Dorothy Kenyon, "never worked for the State Department . . . for as much as five minutes." Actually, Miss Kenyon was hired by the State Department in 1947 to serve as the American delegate to a UN commission, and during the two years she held the job, was subject to the Department's security regulations.

Rovere takes care of the Lattimore case by asserting that the Tydings Committee was not presented with a "shred of evidence that he was . . . a Communist." One of the facts is that Louis Budenz told the Tydings Committee: "In this [Communist Party] cell there was also Owen Lattimore."

Another variety of humbug is less easy to pin down because it arises out of a world that no one ever lived in. Except maybe Paul Hughes. How do you prove that a Presidential assistant did *not* dissolve into silly putty when Rovere whispered the word "McCarthy"? That he did *not* implore, "For God's sake, please don't ask me to discuss this . . . I'll talk about anything else you want. Anything . . . Don't even ask me why I don't want to talk . . ."? How do you prove that McCarthy's terrified informants did *not* feed him information on the reasoning that to do so was "job insurance"? Or that McCarthy, one day when he was "displeased" with a Senate Appropriations Committee hearing, did *not* "[seize] the gavel from the startled chairman and [carry] on for the rest of the session"?

Still another variety of humbug is probably innocent enough since it is traceable to Rovere's ignorance; but it makes for bad history nevertheless. He asserts McCarthy's speech attacking George Marshall "is the product of a school of revisionist historians"—he means written by one of them—led by "Charles Callan Tansill and Stefan Possony of Georgetown University." In point of fact, the only man who helped McCarthy on the speech was the author of an *anti*-revisionist book in the mid-forties.

My own vantage point for judging Rovere's veracity and accuracy is, incidentally, not a bad one. Besides collaborating on a book which covers one of the periods of McCarthy's career that Rovere butchers, I worked for McCarthy for a spell. I came to know him well enough to know what he was, and was not, capable of in a given situation. By that test, certain tales like a zany interview Rovere claims to have had with McCarthy on the Malmédy affair become mostly invention. Then, there is an account in Rovere's book of a conversation he

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and I once had. It has me saying that "as a conservative," McCarthy is "terrible," and is fast becoming "a Left Liberal in domestic affairs"—the explicit point of the passage being that McCarthy had no true supporters beyond a mob of nameless barbarians. Now, I *know* what I said on that occasion: namely, that McCarthy was not conservative enough for me in some domestic matters like farm policy. Rovere doctored that up a bit, which is unimportant, except as a first-hand proof that when it suits his purposes, he fibs.

But even if the facts were reliable, this book would fail as serious history. For Rovere succeeds in begging every question of substance that a student of the period would be interested in. His chief charge is that McCarthy was a "seditionist," that he violated "large parts of the Constitution" and made a career of "breaking laws." This charge is, in turn, based chiefly on the contention that he maintained a large underground organization within the executive branch which he illegally encouraged to pass him confidential information. Nowhere, however, is there a demonstration, or even an attempt at one, that receiving or passing such information *was* illegal. McCarthy's case included the following points: that the executive secrecy orders were, themselves, unconstitutional; that a valid statute expressly encourages executive employees to give members of Congress evidence of wrongdoing; that another specifies the committee of which McCarthy was chairman as a proper recipient of such data; and that when an unconstitutional executive order and constitutional statutes come into conflict, the latter normally prevail. As to all of this—a major constitutional issue—there is not a word.

Similarly with the question of McCarthy's contribution to tightening up the security program. Rovere concedes that McCarthy caused a number of heads to roll, but avoids any serious discussion of whether they should have rolled. At one point he observes: "By 1950, [the job of rooting out Communists in the government] had been fairly effectively done—if, in fact, it had not been overdone." But on the same page he says of the present: ". . . in all likelihood [there] still are Communist agents in the government." Does he mean to imply that a few Communists in government are all right? It is hard to tell when tendentious flippancy is substituted for argument.

In short, this is not a book that *proves*, or tries to prove anything. It assumes in the reader an advanced case of McCarthyphobia and pours adrenalin in the hate glands. In the case of the uninitiated—and there are a number of them now matriculating in the colleges—it seeks to overwhelm by a rhetorical sledgehammer.

Mr. Rovere undoubtedly wrote the book for both audiences. But I suspect mainly for the former. For despite all the vulgarisms and intellectual tawdriness, Rovere is plainly out to make a mark—and one does not make marks with college freshmen. He would like a permanent chair with the anti-McCarthy "experts" and so has graced his chronicle with a couple of theses.

One of them is in the nature of a concession to the McCarthyites: McCarthyism did not, repeat *not*, result in a Reign of Terror throughout the land. The Terror, Rovere advises his erring Liberal brethren, was largely confined to the government—where, to be sure, it was plenty bad. The Rovere Restatement, we may note in passing, is sure to be incorporated in the official Liberal line. It has to be. For it is difficult to perpetuate a myth of 160 million people afraid to open their mouths when practically every one of them remembers opening his mouth whenever and however the spirit moved. It is easier going with a myth affecting only a small segment of society: we may not have been scared, but *they* were. Rovere made the same distinction at the height of the era. Attacking McCarthy "is just about as dangerous as drinking my morning cup of coffee," he said; but that poor fellow in the State Department—nameless, of course—he's in a blue funk.

Rovere's other thesis is that McCarthy did not believe in what he was doing. This has been said before, of course, but never so incessantly and apodictically and cruelly as in this book. The charge is based—to the extent it is based on anything at all—on the assertion that McCarthy "gave up" after the censure, whereas if he had had the courage that goes with conviction, he would have come back for another round . . . Rovere, I think, needs to be mussed up a bit. In all his life, he has participated in only one unpopular cause—the one McCarthy went to war against. But he didn't stay with it long enough to get hurt; nor did he have the guts to bear public witness to it, which was another way to get hurt. To borrow one of his pet phrases, he immediately began to "run with the hounds." And he kept on running with them. McCarthy died.

Recommended Reading

Non-Fiction

James Burnham, *Congress and the American Tradition* (Regnery, $6.50)

John Chamberlain, *The Roots of Capitalism* (Van Nostrand, $5.50)

William Henry Chamberlin, *The Evolution of a Conservative* (Regnery, $4.50)

Frank Chodorov, *The Rise and Fall of Society* (Devin-Adair, $3.95)

Henry Hazlitt, *The Failure of the "New Economics"* (Van Nostrand, $5.75)

William S. Schlamm, *Germany and the East-West Crisis* (McKay, $3.95)

Jacques Barzun, *The House of Intellect,* (Harper, $5.00)

Eugene Davidson, *The Death and Life of Germany* (Knopf, $5.75)

Edgar Ansel Mowrer, *A Good Time to Be Alive* (Duell, $3.50)

James Thurber, *The Years with Ross* (Atlantic, $5.00)

Alvin Moscow, *Collision Course* (Putnam, $4.50)

Elizabeth Jenkins, *Elizabeth the Great* (Coward, McCann, $5.00)

Fiction

Saul Bellow, *Henderson the Rain King* (Viking, $4.50)

Angus Wilson, *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot* (Viking, $4.95)

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Fierce Faith Undying

ROBERT Y. DRAKE JR.

At least one reputable scholar in the field of American literature has observed that the two most distinguished "groups" in American literary history thus far have been the New England Transcendentalists of the nineteenth century and the Nashville Fugitives of the 1920s. But though the New England Transcendentalists have long since found their repose in Abraham's bosom (and one suspects that some of them have not found that situation altogether to their idealistic tastes), the Nashville Fugitives, for the most part, are still very much alive and kicking very healthily.

The most distinguished members of the group and, significantly, the very ones who were later to constitute the core of the Agrarian Movement of the early thirties—John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, Allen Tate and Robert Penn Warren—have for some time enjoyed considerable literary prestige, whether as scholars, critics, poets, or novelists—and usually in more than one of these capacities.

Also members of this group of Vanderbilt University faculty and students who published (1922-1925) *The Fugitive* magazine were men who turned, later on, to non-literary professions but continued, in their chosen fields, an active and often highly productive devotion to literature: the late Merrill Moore, the distinguished Boston psychiatrist and sonneteer (he wrote some 100,000!); William Yandell Elliott, the Harvard political scientist; and Alec B. Stevenson, Jesse Wills, and the late Alfred Starr, all sucessful men of business in Nashville. And behind them all loomed the inscrutable figure of Sidney Hirsch, the Nashville mystic, whose "mesmeric" influence seems to have acted on the entire group as a kind of catalytic agent. Then on the periphery of the group, though not actively associated with the magazine, were such subsequently distinguished figures as Cleanth Brooks and Andrew Lytle.

When, therefore, the Fugitive Group, along with its "peripheral" members and certain interested scholars and critics, was reconvened at Vanderbilt in 1956 there was observed a phenomenon surely unique in American literary history: a distinguished "movement," whose members had long since gone their separate ways, now briefly re-formed and dynamically reliving their communal experience, still embodying the same harmonies and tensions which made their group of thirty years before a truly organic one. The "heart" of their reunion consisted of four "sessions," closed to the general public, in which the Fugitives, prompted and sometimes assisted by the scholars and critics, reminisced, revaluated some of their own poems, re-examined their experience as a group, and debated such diverse matters as poetic theory, the relationship of the poet to society, and the connection between poetry and politics.

These closed sessions were all recorded on tape; and the "conversations" have now been carefully transcribed by Rob Roy Purdy, Professor of English at Vanderbilt, and published as *Fugitives' Reunion* (Vanderbilt University Press, $5.00) with a helpful introduction by Louis D. Rubin Jr. of Hollins College.

In the first of these sessions the Fugitives debate a question which, in the light of their actual achievements, may at first appear idle or even frivolous: why none of them ever wrote an epic poem. But the question, ultimately, has considerable pertinence because it provokes a discussion of what the present situation of the poet is in society. Davidson, seconded in varying degrees by Ransom, Tate and Warren, argues that the production of an epic is impossible at the present because we no longer have an heroic society, one which shares a community of belief which can be embodied in a form "available" to all members of society.

The opposing line—that the poet should be able to rise above the cultural disintegration of the times and, by the exercise of a God-like intelligence, perform an epic ministry of reconciliation for the diverse cultural fragments—is taken by Starr and, to some extent, by Elliott. But it is not without significance, as Mr. Rubin implies in his introduction, that the "non-epic" position is taken by the very members of the group who have devoted their professional lives to the practice of literature. For them, as writers in a non-heroic society, the recourse was inevitably to the intensely dramatic lyric form and to the novel, which, as Ransom points out, is poetic fiction. And perhaps for their most stalwart and "remedial" affirmation of values, as opposed to the often "diagnostic" strictures of their poetry, they had to turn, ultimately, to the more "available" prose of criticism, as Davidson, Ransom, Tate and Warren were to do in the Agrarian manifesto, *I'll Take My Stand* (1930).

Particularly relevant are the Fugitives' observations on the significance of Vanderbilt, Nashville, and finally the South in their literary development. Warren makes much of the fact that at Vanderbilt they had many of the advantages which accrue from the daily informal and personal contact with a few stimulating minds—advantages more easily realized at a small provincial university than at a larger, more cosmopolitan institution. And then nearly all the Fugitives experienced the rigorous discipline of the classical languages.

It is in the concluding session, when the four Fugitives who became Agrarians discuss the latter "movement" as being, for them, a kind of outgrowth of the first, that we see most clearly the value which they placed on their heritage as Southerners. And they have performed a public service here in going on record, almost to a man, in asserting that their "Southernism" was in no sense an attempt at nostalgic sectional propagandizing. (*The Fugitive* itself was committed to "fleeing" from the "moonlight and magnolias" kind of Southernism.) And the late Frank Owsley, distinguished Southern historian who was a member of the Agrarian Group, is quick to point out here that Agrarianism, which, as a title for the movement, was perhaps a misnomer, was not a demand for a wholesale return to the plow but,

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rather, a return to the values traditionally embodied in the South. Some of these values, as developed by the other Agrarians, were "religious humanism" (Tate), Jeffersonian republicanism (Ransom), and the assertion of the sanctity of the individual personality as opposed to the depersonalizing forces of the industrial system and the modern power state (Warren).

In a remarkably dramatic speech Warren vividly expresses—and I believe for all the Fugitive-Agrarians as well as himself—that piety toward the past which was perhaps the most characteristically Southern part of their heritage.

> The past is always a rebuke to the present; it's bound to be, one way or another: it's your great rebuke. It's a better rebuke than any dream of the future. It's a better rebuke because you can see what some of the costs were, what frail virtues were achieved in the past by frail men. And it's there, and you can see it, and see what it cost them, and how they had to go at it. . . . The drama of the past that corrects us is the drama of our struggles to be human, or our struggles to define the values of our forebears in the face of their difficulties.

FURTHER and possibly more reflective light is thrown on the genesis and development of the Fugitive and Agrarian Groups in Donald Davidson's *Southern Writers in the Modern World* (University of Georgia Press, $2.50), the inaugural Lamar Lectures given by Mr. Davidson at Mercer University in Macon, Georgia, in the fall of 1957. But aside from the fact that Mr. Davidson, who is perhaps the most "typical" of both groups, evokes from his own memory the communal experience so vividly recreated in *Fugitives' Reunion,* what seems most significant in his volume is his remarks on the relation of the modern Southern writer to the university: the university must be to him what the medieval patron was to the artist of that time; it must *support* and *encourage,* but it dare not direct his talents. Order and direction in literature, as in society itself, must come from within; they cannot be imposed from without and are so imposed only at the peril of individual identity and creativity.

A careful examination of the group's historical experience, as recaptured in *Fugitives' Reunion,* reveals "some of the conditions which have to be propitious for the development of a literary community." And in an age in which very few assumptions about nature, man, or God are shared and in which there is little respect for the rigor of formal intellectual discipline and even less for individual commitment to the pieties of place and of history, this really remarkable book stands forth as a powerful witness of the Fugitives' inheritance and their commitment, in their several endeavors, to what Donald Davidson, speaking for all of them in one of his finest poems, has called "the fierce faith undying."

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The Autosexual Novel

GARRY WILLS

THE TROUBLE with America, as any Liberal will tell you, is that it is "anti-intellectual." As usual, there is an uncanny accuracy about the Liberal's statement: it is *precisely* the reverse of true. "Intellectuality" is dissolving America as the surrealist painter dissolves a landscape. The comparison is not fanciful. There are parts of man which should grow out of dark roots, with whose vitality the mind has no more business than it has trying to feed earth and its crops with thought instead of rain and air. This intellectuality is no more intelligent than the attempt to feed cows with IBM machines; both suffer from the experiment. And so, when the intellect undertakes tasks not properly its own, the instincts or emotions are perverted, and the intellect is itself destroyed. The trouble with America? We are too "intellectual." Ideology, doubt, the endless thinking of unthinkable things, have made the mind a useless instrument with which we hack at trees and flesh and fact. Instincts wither under this assault and take on sickly shapes.

But the more the "emancipated" mind prostitutes itself, the more debauchery it demands. It is a taboo that no taboo can limit our speculation. The courageous doubter and radical denier, the free-thinking free-lover, and the homosexual remain the subjects of our literature. But the greatest of these is the homosexual. If a book does not actually mention homosexuality, critics repair the error and call it the secret theme of the book or the secret incentive of the author.

Mary Renault saves them the trouble of this search in *The Charioteer* (Pantheon, $4.50). The theme could not be less secret. This novel is not new. It has been resurrected because of the success of Miss Renault's recent historical novels. She first became known for *The Last of the Wine,* the tale of "Greek friends" enduring the great defeat of Athens by Sparta. The link between the lover-warriors was taken for granted in that setting, and the story moved swiftly. But in *The Charioteer* (Plato's charioteer, from the *Phaedrus*), a modern homosexual ponders and pampers and pries into his condition.

The formula is the old one: broken family, mother-fixation, respected teacher at boys' school, a boy nurse who is kind to him after he has been wounded at Dunkirk. The Freudian formula removes the tragic mystery; the hero is simply trapped, and we must show him a painful sympathy through 350 pages of introspection and discussion. But Liberal tolerance is always selective: here we are asked to sympathize only with the intellectual and sensitive "lovers," not with the noisy, self-advertising "queers." But all are equally trapped, and equally dull in this presentation.

The hero, Laurie, is a sensitive, responsible person who sets before himself the high ideals of Plato and the bisexual Shakespeare. The world is seen through the successive tints

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and shades of his mind. Sickly shades and arbitrary distortions are welcomed for their beauty and variety. The flow of irrelevancies and impressions makes us see things in this manner: "Reg Barker lay in a patch of moonlight which seemed to eat like acid into the thin surface of his sleep, leaving him half exposed to reality; it was like seeing someone sleeping huddled in the cold." That is a fine bit of surrealist painting with words. But the skill of the sophist — as Miss Renault's hero, Plato, would say—makes the sophistry more detestable and dangerous. The voracious intellect has devoured the sleeping man, and dissolved the words used of him. This is clearly the intellect which maims its user and twists his desires. The arrogant mind supplants the outside, autonomous, unideated world. It wanders free of nature and identities and fact. Homosexuality is merely a part of this unnatural rebellion against reality.

We are called upon to give the hero "understanding," a word which used to mean the mind's grasping of fact. Here it means the mind's flabby action in a surrealist haze where neither facts nor ideas can be grasped. Understanding Laurie means refusing to judge him or evaluate his plight; it is the great Liberal virtue of "open-mindedness."

This does not mean there there is no intellectual "explanation" in the novel. Indeed, too much is explained. The pat formulae of Freud are all here. Freud has impressed his admirers as taking a mysterious view of life, in asserting that there is a subconscious part of man. But it is obvious by now that this was not the original note in his work. The new note is not that of mystery, but of intellectuality. Freud's new and blasphemous claim is that he could be *conscious* of the subconscious, even of another person's.

This confident analysis of man's farthest depths goes on at a terrific pace throughout *The Charioteer*. The explaining is endless, because it is an activity in the void. The mind has devoured everything that surrounded it, and now it can only spin its wheels, never touching the hard ground of fact.

Such novels, which crawl endlessly around inside the mind, must be destroyed before they destroy us. *Theirs* is the only real obscurantism, that which blots out the brain forever. Their autoerotic debaucheries of the intellectual are a form of mental murder, just as clearly as they are mental suicides.

A Russian Comic Masterpiece

BEN RAY REDMAN

Boris Nicolaevich Bugayev, who was born in Moscow in 1880, and who is known to the world by his pen name, Andrey Biely, belonged to the generation of Russian symbolists who, following the lead of their elders, Balmont and Bryusov, began to publish in the first decade of the twentieth century and, long before the days of Stalin and his cultural hangman, Zhdanov, brought down upon themselves the condemnatory adjective "decadent." His writings in verse and prose run to about fifty volumes, but his most famous novel, *St. Petersburg*, is his first book to appear in English (Grove Press, $4.75).

George Reavey in his foreword to this edition calls *St. Petersburg* a novel "conceived on many levels and deliberately constructed to produce an impression of chaos and nightmare," while John Cournos, the translator, informs us that it is "a vast fantasy, at times like a nightmare, realistically constituted as it is for the most part of the stuff of daily life, yet all of it built up like a piece of music, with a motif of terror, oddly mixed with humor, running through and holding the diverse fragments together in a form at once symphonic and subtly hypnotic." But neither gentleman remarks that the story is for the most part as easy to understand as Conrad's *The Secret Agent*, and is as lively as one of Simenon's best. Nor does the passing reference to humor indicate that this element is an integral part of almost all of Biely's work; an element so conspicuous that Prince Mirsky could call him "perhaps the greatest Russian humorist since Gogol." And it should be noted that this same humor makes it difficult to understand how Mr. Cournos can find "a motif of terror" in the novel.

The bare bones of the plot do, indeed, compose a sufficiently terrifying skeleton. A son who has foolishly pledged himself to carry out the orders of a revolutionary group is given a bomb with which to kill his father, a senator and the head of a nameless but important Department. But Nikolai Ableukov is no terrorist, not even a genuine revolutionary; he is a foolish, idle young man who has emerged from the mists of German metaphysics to toy with Nihilism, and when he roams the Petersburg streets in his red domino, symbol of the spirit that flamed through the crust of Russian society in 1905, he is very nearly a buffoon.

In his way he is as absurd as his friend Lieutenant Likhutin who makes a farcical botch of an attempted suicide. Indeed, all the principal characters of the novel, with the exception of Lippanchenko, are comical —Nikolai and Kikhutin; Sofya Petrovna, Likhutin's silly wife, who toys with Nikolai's emotions; the old senator, whose nerves are soothed by "system and symmetry" and who is upset by any intimation that the world is not entirely composed of lines, squares and cubes; and Alexander Ivanovich Doodkin, the vodka-soaked, lecherous Nihilist who suffers from bad dreams and hallucinations. As for Lippanchenko, this double-dealing *agent provocateur* is no more than sketched, and the evil that he does is only hinted at ineffectively.

Set though his novel is in the year of the 1905 Revolution, Biely ignores the Winter Palace massacre, the revolutionary role played by Soviets in Petersburg and other cities, and the many assassinations that did away with bureaucrats like Nikolai's father. He shuns such scenes of violence and horror as are prominent in *Melky bes* (*The Mean Little Demon*), another novel of 1905 by another symbolist, the sadistic Fedor Sologub. The revolutionary activities in *St. Petersburg* are cloaked in shadows and seen from a distance; the foreground is largely filled by the figures of Apollon Apol-

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lonovich Ableukhov and his son, and by the unfolding of their relationship, which holds the reader a fascinated captive.

St. Petersburg is a masterpiece in the comic vein, and a magical evocation of a legendary city; and John Cournos' translation, apart from a few words that raise questions, is a joy to read.

Theater

Mélange of Musicals

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

IT SOUNDED so simple: "Go," I was told, "and review three current Broadway musicals," and go I did. Night after night. But fast as I moved, they folded. Only a few New Yorkers were nimble enough to see *Juno and the Peacock,* an Irish revolutionary tragi-comedy in three-quarter time which even the artistry of Shirley Booth could keep alive only a week. But I managed it.

First Impressions, the Abe Burrows muscial adaptation of *Pride and Prejudice,* was flourishing when I ordered my tickets. By the time I saw it, headliner Polly Bergen had withdrawn (appendicitis, not disgust) and the closing notice was shortly to be posted. A distinct loss because, with or without Bergen, it was a funny show, although hardly hallmark Austen. Give an audience a desperate mother, a brood of marriageable daughters, and a bear market in suitors, and the reaction you get from perverse humanity is laughter, not pity. When the mother, the once stuffy Mrs. Bennet, is played by Hermione Gingold, who combines perfect timing with a comic style as broad as the Great Plains, the resulting laughter is apt to be loud and strong. While suffering through Farley Granger's insufferable Mr. Darcy —his rendition had all the mobility and expression of a clotheshanger— one always knew Hermione was there, waiting in the wings to erupt on stage with the tuneful "As Long as There's a Mother," or "Have You Heard the News?" Second only to Miss Gingold was the acting of Christopher Hewlett, a come-to-life Dickens illustration whose finest hour as servile suitor of Elizabeth Bennet, his "fragrant flower," was reached in the plaintive ditty, "You Are My Fiery Fuchsia."

Destry Rides Again will, I have been assured, be here until at least June 20 (probably 1963) and with good reason. It has color, rhythm, pace, superb sets, catchy music; a properly brash "Frenchy" of the Last Chance Saloon in Dolores Gray, and surely the most bashful, diffident and tangletoed deputy sheriff ever to arrive in Bottleneck town in North Carolina's own Andy Griffith. The choreography, by Michael Kidd (who also produced the show), is superb. One scene, in particular, when a trio of black-clad desperadoes breaks up a country "social" in a wild-stepping dance to the crackling accompaniment of its own bull whips, is a standout; but built into most dance numbers is the untrammeled broncotempoed movement one associates with the old, wild West.

It could have been a great show. It's only very good—because, razzle-dazzle notwithstanding, it's synthetic. This *Destry* is west of Broadway, rather than west of the Pecos; there's always a feeling that we've met it once before, and never more than a block or three from Forty-Second Street. Dolores Gray assaults her songs with a gusto reminiscent of Merman; in fact, she belts some of her lyrics right out of the Last Chance Saloon and Bottleneck as well. But insofar as she succeeds in imitating Merman without being Merman, she disappoints. Another example, a satirical dirge by his friends outside the jail house where Gyp Watson is held for murder, the catchy and amusing gallows song, "Are You Ready, Gyp Watson?" (Sample lyrics: "His neck is too thick and heights make him sick . . . One of his quirks, can't stand sudden jerks.") But we've heard it before, years, and years, and years ago in "Poor Judd Is Daid." It's a true-to-life copy, but not the original.

Incidentally, if seated up front, don't miss the blonde gum-chewing lady pianist in the orchestra whose perambulations up and down the keyboard in the honky-tonk numbers are greatly to be admired. They should have had her on the stage.

LIKE every variety show you ever saw—at the same time nothing quite like anything you ever saw—is *La Plume de ma Tante,* a Gallic caper which has kept Broadway entranced for months. But just try to explain why it's hilarious. What's it about? Well, there's a bedroom scene, you know, complete with lady, lover and cuckolded husband (You've seen it before?) . . . Well, then, a classical ballet with massive *première danseuse* and her prince, minuscule (What do you mean, you saw the Three Stooges do it?) . . . A side-splitting strip-tease (All right, so you guessed it, the lady doesn't undress) . . . And, of course, since it is a French show, from Paris, France, a few risqué bits: complex maneuvers by gentlemen bathers in Cannes to catch sight of a lady bather, unveiled; peeping Pierres operating from a Paris manhole; a *pissoir* interlude (overlong), and the talented Athos, described as *"doux et bien élevé,"* a horse so well trained he does his duty on cue (and on stage).

The framework is basic vaudeville. But not after Robert Dhéry and his even more talented (as a performer) wife, Colette Brosset, get through with it. This is zaniness to the nth degree. Take the strip-tease. The lady arrives on stage dressed like Tensing Norkay. As she sexily disrobes (down to the cotton bloomer stage), she first drops the clothes slinkily to the floor, *à la* Fifty-Second Street, but then picks them up, clucking anxiously all the while, brushes off the dust, and folds them neatly *à la bonne petite menagère* of Aix-en-Provence.

In the ballet, the prince predictably staggers under his gargantuan dame, but was there ever a dancer so badgered by the fey antics of the scenery? As soon as the curtain goes down, one wonders why four sleepy, scrawny-legged monks ringing out matins at the end of bell ropes, to a constantly accelerating ragtime beat that finally sends them swinging high in the air, were so funny the music was drowned out by laughter. I still don't know.

You have to see it to believe it—and you probably won't, even then.

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To the Editor

Admiral Strauss

Like millions of other Americans, I was incensed and bewildered by the action of the United States Senate in repudiating the nomination of Admiral Lewis L. Strauss as Secretary of Commerce. I cannot believe that there are this many senators that could be motivated to such shameful action out of purely partisan considerations. If senators like Lyndon Johnson, Stuart Symington, John Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey think this kind of treatment of a man who has given such long, dedicated and effective public service to our country is going to help them to get the Democratic nomination for the Presidency they are very badly mistaken. Americans, regardless of their party affiliations, believe that those who have served them honorably and well should be treated with respect and appreciation—not with revilement, vituperation and public calumny.

Nobody should have been surprised by the votes of . . . Margaret Chase Smith, Paul Douglas, and Wayne Morse—best described as educated fools when you study their records.

When it is all said and done you can put it down in the little black book that Moscow scored another victory, which is not the first time that has happened in the United States Senate.

Joliet, Ill. JAMES C. BELL

Judges Are People

I thought these two items might interest you.

1. JUSTICE FRANKFURTER, OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT, IN BRIDGES V. CALIFORNIA, 314 U. S. REPORTS, PAGE 352, HELD THAT:

"Judges as persons, or courts as institutions, are entitled to no more immunity from criticism than other persons or institutions.

"Just because the holders of judicial office are identified with the interests of justice, they may forget their common human frailities and fallibilities.

"There have sometimes been martinets on the bench, as there have been pompous wielders of authority who have used the paraphernalia of power in support of what they call their dignity.

"Therefore, judges must be kept mindful of their limitations and of their ultimate responsibility by a vigorous stream of criticism expressed with candor, however blunt."

2. ATTRIBUTED TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

"A defeated litigant has a right to stand on the corner and cuss at the judge."

Rowayton, Conn. WALTER J. O'HARA

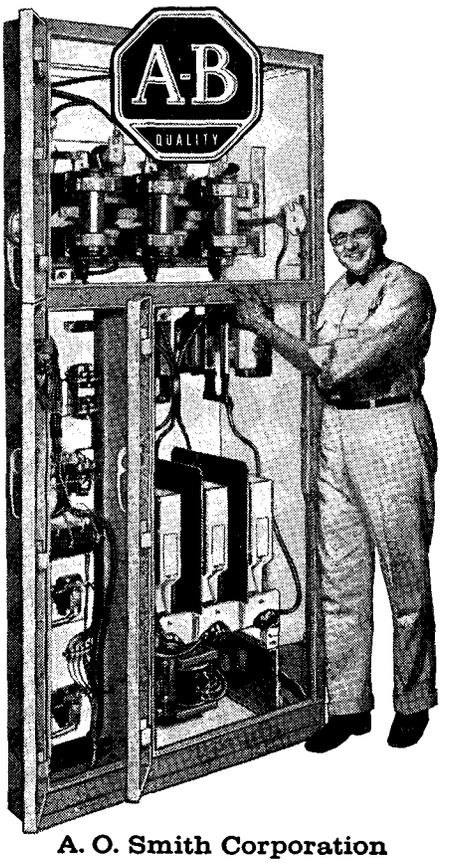
More on de la Fe

I am writing to point out that John Leonard's article on Ernesto de la Fé [June 6] has been reprinted in the *Congressional Record.* It was entered by Congressman Gordon H. Scherer, Republican of Ohio. It is encouraging that at least one congressman was sufficiently moved to give the matter consideration. I have written my congressman to no avail—de la Fé, they say, is a citizen of another country, and we cannot interfere in the affairs of other countries. Justice, it seems to me, is the concern of all nations and every man. Our representatives, in Congress and in the State Department, could at least have spoken out about de la Fé.

Detroit, Mich. ROGER DONAHUE

Insane or Disloyal?

So the Bolshoi Ballet cleared $1,350,000 in its U.S. outing. What with President Eisenhower's new-found austerity and Governor Rockefeller's tax increases, such a killing gives me pause. I see by the papers that mail orders for tickets to the Russian performances were turned down; the avalanche had much too much mass to be adequately taken care of. I see that lines of the eternally hopeful stretched from the box office around the block, waiting eagerly for a chance to see the troupe in action. I see that our drama, music and dance reviewers rushed to their typewriters in keen competition to toss the most plaudits in the most pleasing style to the Moscow Maidens. We turned over Madison Square Garden to them. We



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accorded them thousands of column inches in our newspapers. Our critical copy soared to new heights of praise, sought new complimentary adjectives, swooned to new depths of ecstasy over their performance.

The cynicism, the despotism, the cruelty, and the terror which have characterized Communism in its steady mastication of its neighboring nations would seem to rule out our obsequious fawning. It doesn't. I am sick to my stomach. I am sick because my country seems to think that a world struggle is a parlor game, that a collection of butchers are gentlemen, that the only distinctions we are required to make in this tremulous age are between their soldiers and their dancers.

NATIONAL REVIEW [June 20] suggests a blocked account on Bolshoi profits until American writer royalties are paid. I agree. I further suggest compulsory psychiatric treatbent for Bolshoi patrons. I prefer to believe that they are insane, rather than disloyal. But my dismay is unqualified.

New York City THORNTON BARTLEY

Alas, No Lambda!

Alas, for the delta in place of the lambda on the cartooned Aeschylusnik (June 20, p. 143). No doubt you have already been unmercifully clobbered by the CCNY authors whose unorthodox orthography you reproduced in your June 6 issue.

But perhaps not. Perchance they, to paraphrase the timeworn criticism of W. Shakespeare, "know little English and less Greek."

At any rate, a mere surplus horizontal ink-stroke will not disaffect this sympathetic reader.

New York City GERALD J. DOYLE

"A Kingly Message"

In your issue of May 23, you published King Baudouin's address to Congress on May 12. This speech is a classic and should be quoted extensively by our federal government's Information Service because it expresses so simply and so eloquently our basic attitude toward individuals and nations.

I have not seen it quoted in any other publication, nor have I seen any comments on it. I hope you can find ways to further publicize it, for it deserves a place in our school text-

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books and in our cherished collections of public addresses.

Seattle, Wash. LYDIA LINDBERG

Only the Beginning

Thank you for the jolly satires in your magazine. Am particularly enamored of the two on President Willmoore Wheeler. Sorry Mr. Crumpet killed him off—would like periodical pieces on him.

Since you are responsible for getting the government to think seriously about investigating Adam C. Powell Jr., how about doing another needle job, on Congress, to probe the UN? If Americans were fully aware of its Communist domination, we just might be taking our first step back toward the right.

Dallas, Texas MAC REED

It is rumored that the reports of President Wheeler's death were greatly exaggerated. ED.

Immigration Laws

After Russo-Japanese War, we one day walked down Seoul's main street. It was part of Great East-West Road. Crossing it is Great North-South Road. Our companion, an American geologist. Americans then were beginning to obtain mining concessions. Mining had been taboo. At above crossing, a granite outcrop. Even flowerpot-hatted aristocrats, in long grass-linen robes of lavender and applegreen, held that bit of granite was the vertebrae of a great dragon. On it Korea rested. If one punctured this dragon's skin, he showed displeasure by earthquakes.

Under the Emperor the law was: "If you see a foreigner, KILL HIM!" In Korea, China, Japan we often heard, "Asia is old and wise. The Occident is as immature as a suckling babe."

One wonders as to our lax immigration control. That convicted atomic spies Greenglass and Gold told that executed traitor Rosenberg carried earth-satellite information to the Russians in the 1940s is recorded in a clipping on this desk. One recalls another convict, traitor Klaus Fuchs. He gave Moscow so much "top secret" information that his treason costs you and me daily one-half of the 80 cents of each tax dollar spent for defense.

Why not suspend *all* immigration until the Cold War ends?

Sacramento, Cal. C. M. GOETHE

The Old Village

John Chamberlain's review of Max Eastman's and Allen Churchill's books [June 20] captures the Greenwich Village of the twenties as this old-timer remembers it. Too many visitors in those days never encountered the true artistic life of the Village, but judged it by the dim cafés where Bobby Edwards peddled his "soul candy."

In the thirties, unfortunately, the depression turned the predominant Village culture into a "proletcult." A Sheridan Square cafeteria served as the unofficial clubroom of the Comrades, who would talk for hours over a cup of coffee—then five cents. And the publication of a poem in the *Daily Worker* was sufficient to get more than one "writer" a job with the Federal Writers Project.

White Plains, N.Y. MAY NASH

SIX DANGEROUS MONTHS

(*Continued from p.* 180)

certain abrasive actions at weak spots which they have been cultivating for some years.

Will their expectations be disappointed? They could by some hard thinking by Americans about these probable dangers *before the election fever mounts*. If the campaigns can be shortened, if the two parties can agree not to make misleading promises, and if the Administration can feel confident that its firmness in international politics will not be exploited by opponents for the sake of short-term electoral successes, a grave temptation may be removed from the itching ambitions of America's rivals. After a hundred and seventy-two years, the significance of George Washington's warnings against "the baneful effects of the spirit of party," and especially against the effects of party spirit on American foreign policy still is worth pondering. Whether government by the people is capable of surviving by overcoming its own inner weaknesses will be on trial in 1960. In that year, a series of apparently small mistakes or postponements of decisions in international affairs may create an imbalance of power remediable only by all-out war. It is an intolerable thought that such a situation might occur through failure to think ahead about a technical aspect of domestic politics.

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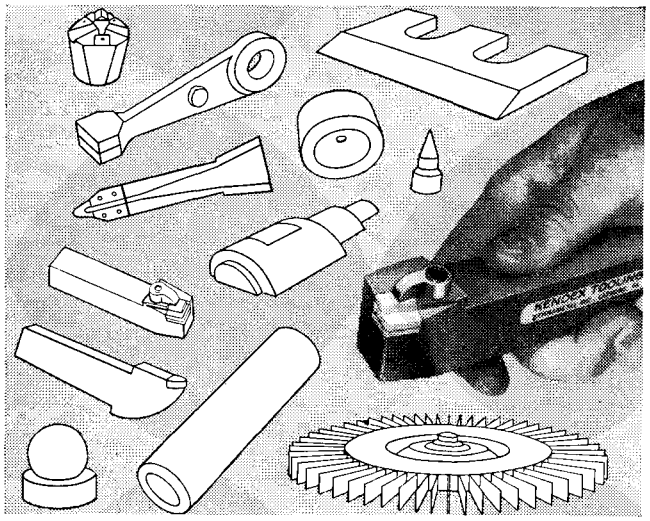

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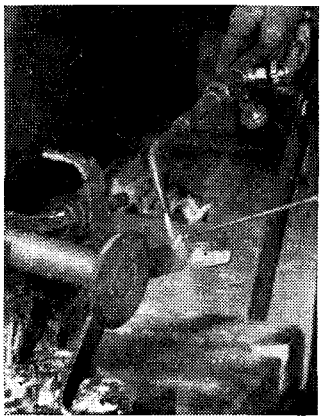

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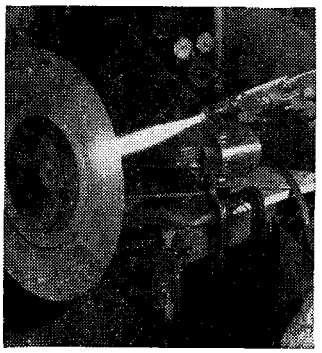

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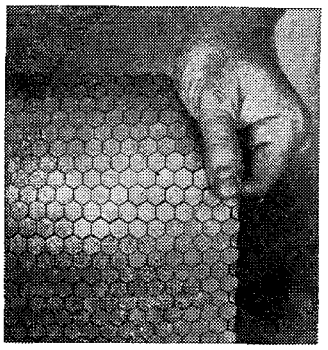

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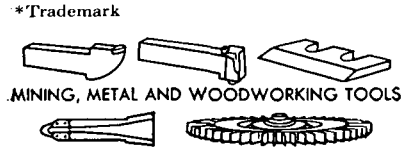

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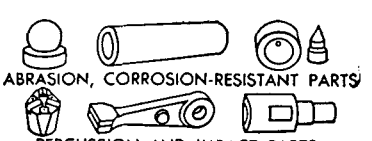

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